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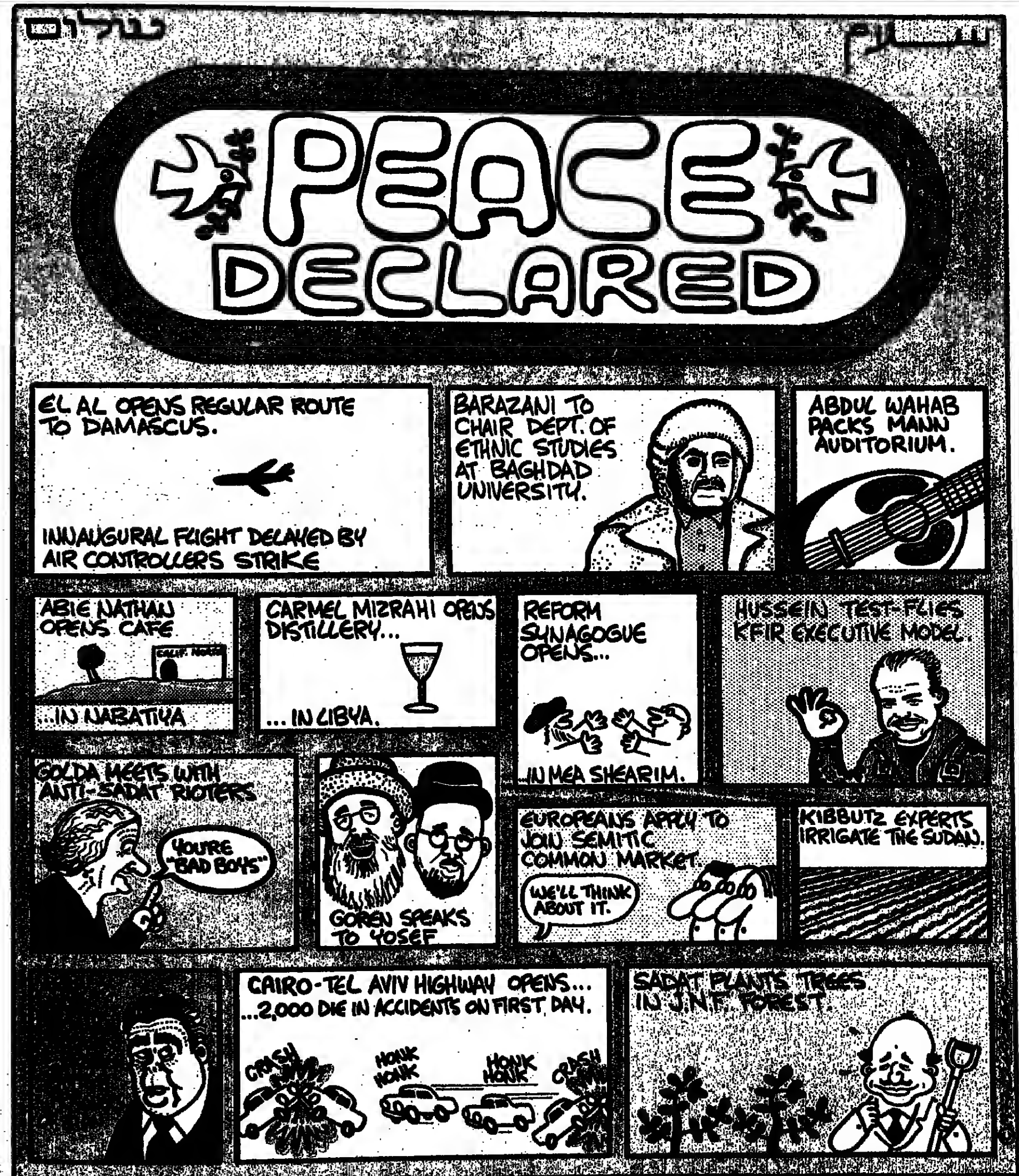
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PURIM, 5737 Friday, March 4, 1977

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Cover: Dry Bones' cartoon offering for Purim.

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ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand.

It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

HOUSING IN ISRAEL

Part I

At first glance the idea of living for a while in an absorption center or hostel... or with some generous and patient relatives... was a dream. But now it has become a reality, and you have decided it's time to move into a place of your own. There are a few basic options open to you:

1. you can rent an apartment on the private market & receive subsidy;
2. you can rent an immigrant's apartment through the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption where the rent is considerably lower than on the private market;
3. you can buy an immigrant's apartment through the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption;
4. you can buy an apartment on the private market (and receive a mortgage at a relatively low interest rate).

This column will deal with the procedures for renting an apartment. We will discuss the purchasing of an apartment in Part II of this article.

WHO'S ELIGIBLE?

OLEH families are eligible for immigrant housing throughout the country. Singles above a certain age, mixed couples (OLEH married to an Israeli), children of im-

migrants etc. — are eligible for apartments in development areas. Immigrant apartments are allocated according to specified criteria.

For further information see the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption's Information Bulletin, "All About Housing."

Immigrants' apartments are built under a public scheme, mainly in development areas and new residential neighbourhoods which are being constructed and expanded near the major cities. It is reasonable to assume that the apartment allocated to you will probably be in such an area. The location of the apartment you will receive — as well as the size and the type of apartment — will be determined by the personnel of the district housing committee of the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption, who will take into consideration the size of your family, your occupation and the apartments available at the time.

The size of an apartment in Israel is calculated in square meters (one square meter equals 10.8 square feet), and the measurements quoted to the potential renter usually include the porch or balconies.

The average public housing apartment has three rooms and an area of about 72 square meters, or even less (in Israel, kitchens and bedrooms are not included in the

tally of rooms in apartments, thus a three-room apartment would include a living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, shower and toilet). Balconies, outside walls and part of the staircase would be included in the total size of the apartment (Gruel).

THE FIRST STEP

Two companies are responsible for leasing immigrants' apartments: "Amikar" and "Amigur." When you approach an absorption official with your request for an apartment, he will refer you to the appropriate company, and will indicate the size and location of the apartment to be allocated to you. The company will then arrange the rental contract with you, the amount of rent and the conditions of payment. The apartments are unfurnished — and, here, that means completely unfurnished: you will have to provide even the most basic utilities, such as a refrigerator, ovens, closets, etc.

When arranging your rental contract you must go with your spouse (or an adult member of the family registered in the contract) and bring all your identity documents, passport, etc. with you.

The contract you will sign will be valid for either one full year or until the end of the calendar year (December 31). The rental company will arrange for you to renew the contract (it will be up to you to remember to keep the apartment). They will ask for a down payment equal to three months' rent, plus a security deposit equal to six months' rent. Between 30 and 60 days after you've signed, the contract will be stamped, signed and sent to you by the rental company representatives.

THE LIMITATIONS

You should be aware that there are several limitations in the rental contract:

1. It is forbidden to transfer your rights to anyone — even your children;
2. You are obliged to live in the apartment allocated to you;
3. The apartment must be used exclusively for residential purposes;
4. You may not change the structure of the building in any way — this applies to

both internal and external walls;

5. You are responsible for any damage caused by you, or during your presence in the apartment, such as broken windows, missing door keys and handles, etc.;
6. The rental company is responsible for faults due to the quality of the building, such as a leaking roof, or cracked walls.

THE PRIVATE MARKET

If you would prefer to rent an apartment on the private market, you, of course, have the immediate advantage of determining the location and size of the apartment you choose. However, very little housing in Israel is built especially for renting and there is, therefore, little rental housing available. This means rental fees are relatively high — ranging from IL600 to IL2,000 per month or more at present — and leases are short-term. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption will help subsidize the rent for an apartment. Consult "All About Housing" for details.

As is the case in most Western countries, most rental housing is found by (a) looking in the classified section of newspapers, (b) looking through the lists in rental agencies (c) through word of mouth, (d) by knocking on doors in areas where you might like to rent, and asking local residents if they know of nearby apartments that may be going up for rent or (e) through advertisements in local grocery stores, etc.

Apartments may be rented either furnished, partly furnished (usually including the major kitchen appliances, ovens, and sometimes beds) or unfurnished (empty). The more furniture an apartment has already in it, the more expensive the rent will generally be.

THE LEASE

Once you've found the apartment you would like to rent, and you and the landlord have agreed on the terms of rental, you will usually be asked to sign a lease. It is a good idea to have a lawyer check the lease before you sign it — tenants have been known to have been burdened with extra payments because they either did not understand all of the terms of the lease or did not read the lease carefully before signing it. Usually contracts for rental housing are

prepared by the owner's lawyer, and it is not uncommon for the tenant to be asked to split the cost of his fee, even though the tenant has his own lawyer. The landlord will probably also ask you to provide the names of two guarantors who will guarantee that you will pay for the rental, and will leave the apartment on the specified date.

If you've found your apartment through a real estate agent, both you and the owner of the apartment will be expected to pay him a certain percentage of the total rental price. This is usually between 5 and 10%, depending on the length of time and the city in which you're living.

Be sure to list in the lease which party is responsible for which taxes. Generally, the owner pays the property tax (mas'hoosh), while he may or may not pay municipal taxes (amona) according to what has previously been decided and written into the contract.

...AND THE BILLS

In addition to the bills for water, gas, electricity and telephone (if you're lucky enough to find an apartment with a phone), you would also be expected to pay monthly dues to the house committee (vaad habayit). This committee is responsible for the communal maintenance of hallways, entrances and outside gardens, staircase lighting and, in some cases, central heating, hot water. These fees can be considerable and should be figured in your monthly housing budget.

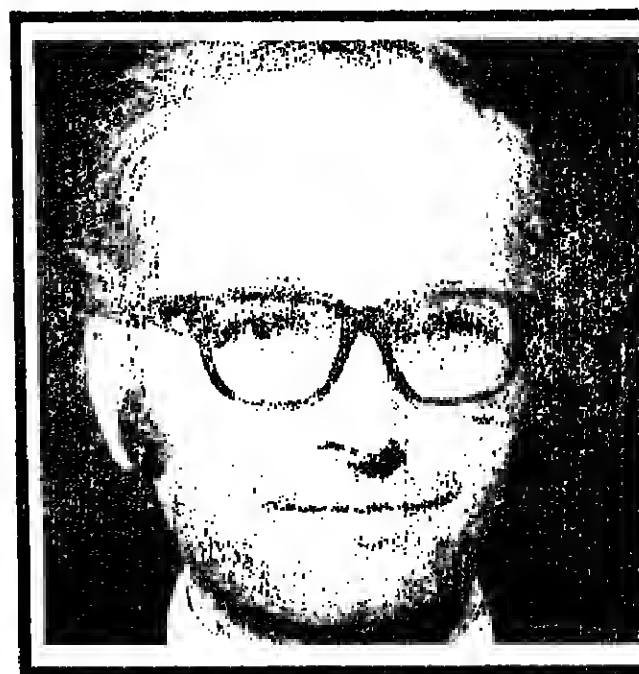
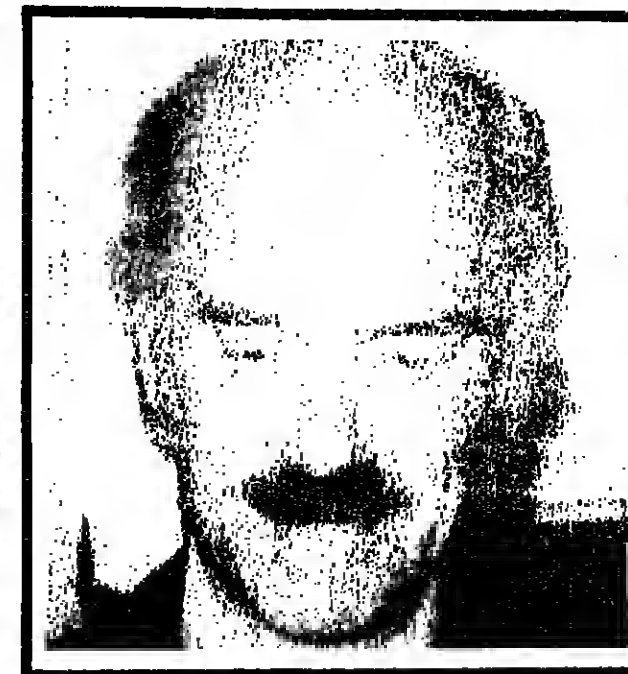
When you move into your apartment, it's advisable to call the telephone company and ask for a reading as of the date you entered. Do this with the water, gas and electricity companies as well. In this way you will be certain that you are paying only the portion of the bills for which you are responsible.

Because renting is expensive, and because it is so difficult to find apartments for long-term rental, most Israelis buy their apartments. We will deal with that topic in this column in two weeks' time. (D.R.)

New Publication
ALL ABOUT HOUSING
copies available through the
Department of Information for
Olim P.O.B. 818, Jerusalem
or through Israel Aliyah Centers
abroad.

POLITICS OF BUREAUCRACY

As Yitzhak Rabin prepares for his journey to Washington early next week, Post correspondent WOLF BLITZER describes the U.S. foreign policy establishment. The Prime Minister is likely to find that in the new administration, the career officer has a more penetrating voice than the political appointee.



Leading actors in Washington's Middle East bureaucracy: (left to right) Assistant Secretary of State for Near East Affairs Alfred Atherton; Deputy Assistant Secretary Arthur "Pete" Day, and at the National Security Council, William Quandt. (Photos Milman, UPI, USIS)

AS PRIME MINISTER Yitzhak Rabin prepares for his journey to Washington early next week, together with President Carter this coming Monday and Tuesday, he should bear in mind the fact that many lesser-known faces at the State Department, the Pentagon, the National Security Council and the Central Intelligence Agency will be playing more important roles in the Carter administration than they did during Henry Kissinger's tenure, when their advice was often ignored.

Although it's still very early in the new administration, experienced Washington political observers sense that foreign policy bureaucracy working under Secretary of State Cyrus Vance are throwing their weight around to a degree unheard of during the Kissinger era.

Whether they are holdovers from the previous administration, career Foreign Service officers, or young activists recently brought into the government, mid- and senior-level officials are speaking out and their voices are being heard in the administration's decision-making process. And this is especially true when it comes to the formulation of U.S. policy in the Middle East.

During Kissinger's leadership, these bureaucrats followed instructions as a matter of routine, although most of them maintained strong personal views on many aspects of American policy. They were reluctant to speak out because Kissinger rarely listened to them. The Secretary considered himself his own best adviser — along with a handful of cronies, who had more success playing the role of "hatchet men" than they enjoyed as political advisers.

Kissinger had a fundamental dislike for, and distrust of, the State Department bureaucracy. There are many examples of this. Israeli officials who were sym-

pathetic to Kissinger make the point that at certain periods following the Yom Kippur War in 1973, Kissinger stood almost alone within the government in opposing a change in U.S. policy vis-à-vis the Palestinians. His Middle East advisers were pushing him to recognize and deal with the PLO even before that organization accepted Israel's right to exist. But Kissinger refused.

At meetings with Israeli and Arab diplomats, Kissinger did virtually all the talking on the American side. This was so even when he was accompanied at the discussions by top aides.

SO FAR, this has not been the case with Vance, who came into office pledging to delegate a considerable amount of authority to other officials in the State Department. Foreign diplomats here in Washington who have met with the new Secretary have already noted that other officials are no longer afraid to speak out during meetings.

Whenever a dominant, hard-headed secretary of state is in power — as was the case with Kissinger — lesser officials tend to follow orders quietly; policy is made at the top and passed down.

But when someone takes over who is ready not only to seek out the opinions of his colleagues, but to accept them — as it appears will be the case with Vance — the bureaucracy becomes more confident and more active in promoting specific interests. Policy can be made at the bottom, and passed up.

Especially on issues relating to the Middle East, the career officers, many of whom are "Arabists," believe that they are the only ones who can fully appreciate the nuances of U.S. foreign policy interests. The political appointees in the White House cannot. Historically, there has been a conflict of views

and political actors."

At the beginning of any new administration, the career officers always seek to carve out an influential role under the new leadership. As ammunition, they exploit to the utmost the fact that they are the ones who have the experience and expertise on very detailed issues.

From Israel's point of view, the career officers are less "friendly" than the political appointees. These men have often spent a lot of time in the Arab world, where Israel is not on top of the popularity list. The political appointees have spent a lot of time in America, where Israel is popular.

But the political appointees usually do not have the necessary information at their fingertips, as do the "Arabists." A very pro-Israel special assistant to the President, serving in the White House, may feel uneasy arguing over a diplomatic issue on which he has a weak background. Consequently, he may not initially get involved in the bureaucratic in-fighting that precedes the final debate and decision. But as time goes on, he will.

"The politics of bureaucracy," one insider said the other day, "has returned to Washington."

THE BUREAUCRACY here is not a monolith. As Harvard political scientist Graham T. Allison has pointed out:

"Treating national governments as if they were centrally coordinated, purposive individuals provides a useful shorthand for understanding problems of policy. But this simplification — like all simplifications — obscures as well as reveals. In particular, it obscures the parasitically negotiated fact of bureaucracy: The 'maker' of government policy is not one calculating decision-maker but is rather a conglomeration of large organizations

subsequently condemned by editorial writers. At the same time, Arab ambassadors in Washington kept up a steady stream of official protests over the sale encouraged by publicity in the media.

By the time Vance had made his negative recommendation to Carter, the President was personally against the sale, having been strongly influenced by the press reports. In order to mollify Israeli and her supporters somewhat, he had his spokesman announce that a world wide ban was being imposed on the sale and that the Pentagon was itself investigating the need for the bomb in the American arsenal. The second Israel-related decision taken by the new President and secretary of state is the veto of Kfir exports to Ecuador.

This was a clear case of opposition originating in the Latin American bureau of the State Department, where the Kfir was described as a more sophisticated fighter bomber than the American-made F-5E, which had been earlier offered to Ecuador. During the final days of the outgoing Ford administration, Kissinger indicated to Israeli Ambassador Simha Dinitz that he had no objections to the sale and would make a written recommendation on the matter to Vance. But Kissinger could not approve such a deal so late in the life of the administration. When Defence Minister Shimon Peres met with former Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and Kissinger in December, 1976, there was no indication that approval of the sale would be forthcoming.

Kissinger, had he stayed in office, might have dissuaded the opposition of the Latin American bureau and other bureaucrats in the U.S. government. But Vance, the government, as he often did, studied them carefully — after portions had been leaked to the press, published on page one and

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(Continued overleaf)

הכזה את האוכלוס

Baruch Nadel's recent charges in these columns about the extent of tax evasion and other civic abuses in Israel are devoid of any factual basis, says The Post's economic correspondent, DAVID KRIVINE.

REBUTTAL ON BLACK MONEY

NADEL'S starting-point is the imperfection of human society. It is a fact that no tax authority in any country manages to collect every last cent, penny, franc, mark, yen or kopek. Some transactions always remain concealed. So if Nadel chooses to inveigh against the iniquities of "black money" (his phrase), no-one would argue with him.

But he goes further, and specifics in numerical terms just how great the volume of fiscal malpractice actually is in Israel. By juggling with the figures, he reaches the verdict that two-thirds of the national income in Israel is black money, hidden from the authorities. Only one-third of the taxes due are paid.

He could apply this judgment with equal veracity to the United States, or to Patagonia. He has no better evidence to back it here than he would have there.

He invents facts, digs up obsolete figures and distorts statistics. Thus: "Prices will rise this year by 35 per cent, but the self-employed will pay only 82 per cent more than last year, if the expectations of the tax collectors are realized."

If he is referring to fiscal 1976, then tax revenue from the self-employed is expected to be up by 92 per cent (and for the business sector as a whole by 44 per cent) — not 32 per cent.

If he is referring to fiscal 1977, it is true that revenue from business companies is due to increase by 32 per cent, but that of the self-employed will rise by 85 per cent, and the business sector altogether, including the self-employed, by 82 per cent (see *Ikares Ha-Tekva*, 1977, p. 121).

All this does not prevent Nadel from delivering his coup de grace: "This ridiculous amount of taxes paid by the wealthy in Israel will continue to decrease steadily."

Ridiculous? How does he manage to justify that adjective? Through some very tortuous ratiocination. First of all, he uses the word "wealthy" this time, not "self-employed."

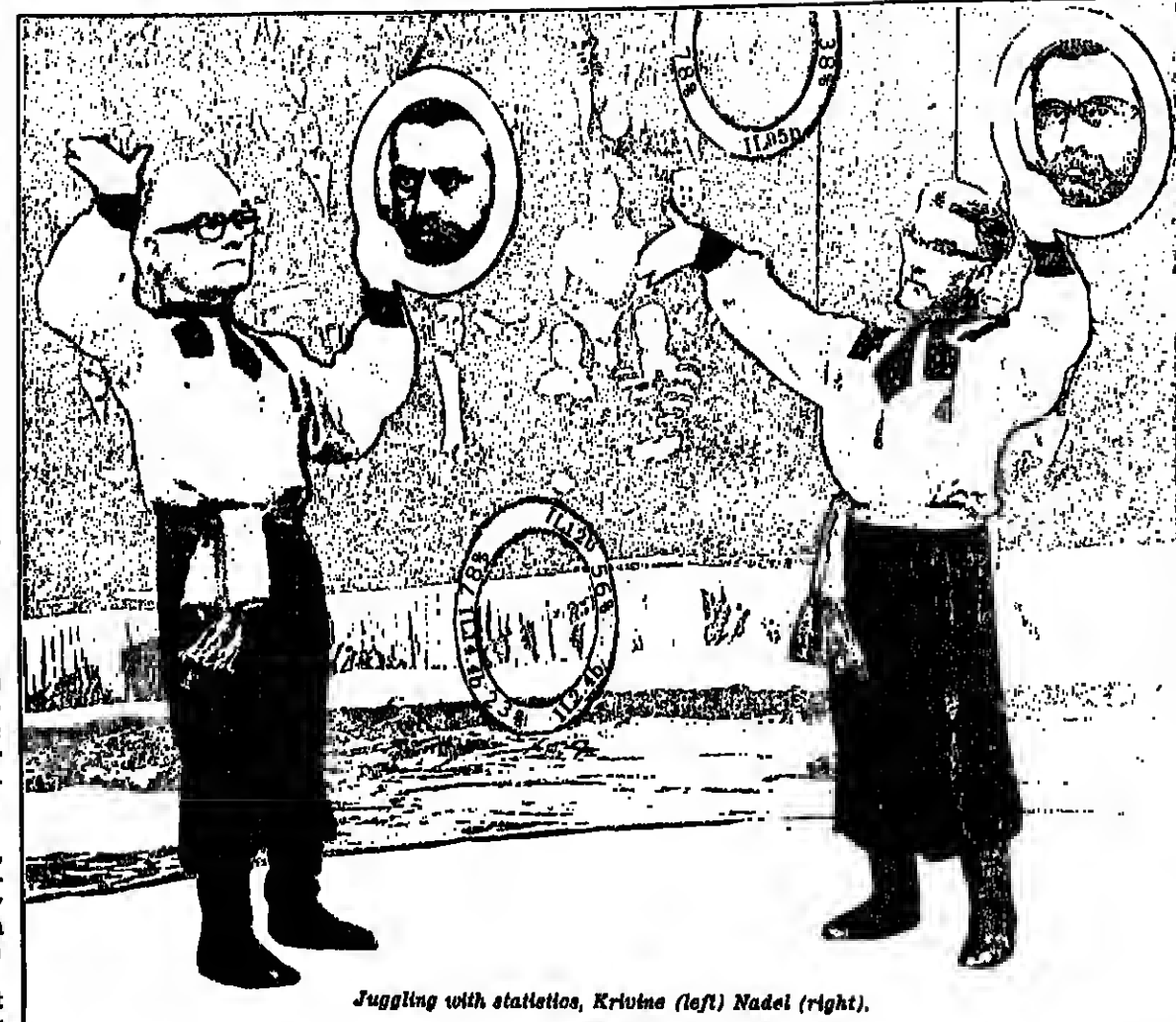
Well, it happens that the top decile (one-tenth) of the income-earning population pays 49 per cent of the tax, the top three deciles pay just under 80 per cent, while the three bottom deciles (close to one-third of the total) pay only 1.6 per cent between them.

Putting that aside, let us return to the object of his invective, the self-employed. He is determined to show that they are the villains of the piece, that they have been paying less and less tax over the years, while the wage-earners have been paying more and more.

How does he do it? No problem. He has discovered a statistical earthen that fits his purpose. The amount paid by the self-employed has been decreasing almost continuously as a percentage of total revenue from income tax. I shall take the liberty of quoting again from the most up-to-date statistics — which still bear out his contention:

1962	28.1	1970	22.2
1963	28.0	1971	21.6
1964	20.7	1972	18.6

What Nadel has overlooked is that there is another entry, on the



Juggling with statistics, Krivine (left) Nadel (right).

very same page, headed "Companies." Many self-employed persons have been turning their undertakings into a registered company, mainly for tax reasons, and their share of the tax has been moving up. The business sector as a whole has thus managed to keep its place (with a lag during the recession of 1966-67):

1962	55.6	1970	58.0
1963	49.3	1971	56.9
1964	47.2	1972	55.6

But the statistics do not stop in 1973. More recent and topical figures for more recent years are available, which for some reason he does not bother to notice:

	Wage-earners	Business sector
1974	42.5	57.5
1975	53.8	66.2
1976	61.0	68.0
1977		
(prediction)	69.0	71.0

I count every ILA of employers' loan introduced in 1970 as equivalent to 50 sq. of tax.

If 25 per cent of the labour force is currently supplying 70 per cent of the Treasury's income from direct taxes, that may or may not be sufficient. But it is certainly not "ridiculous."

MR. NADEL has an unusual talent for judicious selection. In the third of his four articles, he shows that the labour force in Israel's construction industry soared from 82,400 in 1963 to 125,400 in 1972. "But the number of flats rose very slightly during that 10-year period, despite the 50 per cent increase in workers and the increased use of modern and expensive mechanical equipment."

His conclusion is that by using more workers to put up the same

number of houses, the building contractor swelled their profits somehow — "at such a rate that no-one seemed to care that productivity was decreasing."

True or false? It is true that there was only a moderate increase in the number of flats finished, from 36,990 to 47,340. That is the column which Nadel has seized upon.

It happens that there is another column (on — does one need to say it? — this identical page), giving the number of new flats started. This rose steeply from 85,420 to 96,270. If we use index figures for comparison, the labour force went up by 52 per cent, and the number of dwelling units finished by only 29 per cent. But the dwellings started rose by 72 per cent.

Moreover, flats increased in size between 1963 and 1972. If we take the figures for completed building work by area (same page still, in the *Statistical Abstract of Israel*, 1976), we find that Nadel's completions themselves rose appreciably, from 4m. to 6m. square metres, an increase of 48 per cent, which is only a few points behind the growth in the labour force. As to building starts, their area expanded from 4.6m. to 8.6m. square metres — or by 89 per cent.

Conclusion: 52 per cent more workers, 48 per cent more completions, almost 90 per cent more starts. On the face of it, a respectable growth in productivity. Not according to Nadel: "Productivity. Not was decreasing" and "nobody seemed to care."

HE GOES ON to divide the self-employed into two categories: those who understate their earnings (a shoe-shop owner in Tel Aviv, he observes, pays ILA,000 a

month in tax instead of ILA7,000), and those who have no declared earnings at all.

For every one who cheats the tax collector, there is another whom the tax collector has never even heard of — though Nadel has. For that matter, he knows their number. According to his calculation, there are 250,000 self-employed in the tax files, and another 250,000 not registered at all.

The labour force survey, which the Central Bureau of Statistics (CBS) has been conducting for 21 years, divides the working population into wage-earners, self-employed, members of kibbutzim and other cooperatives, and relatives working in a family business. Together, they add up to the total labour force of the country, which amounted, Jew and Arab, to 1,122,900 persons in 1974. Where does Nadel find his extra non-recorded 250,000?

Perplexed, we sought out the relevant chapter in a book Nadel himself published on the subject a year ago, and found the answer. It has a simplicity that is positively breath-taking. In the U.S., he points out, this proportion of the adult population that figures in the labour force is 60.5 per cent. In Israel it is only 48.5 per cent (the year is 1974).

These two figures are the last ascertainable facts he uses. From now on it is pure speculation.

Israel, he ordains, should be the same as the U.S. So he subtracts 48.5 from 60.5, and gets 12. Twelve per cent of 2,316,000 comes to 277,000. There are (he concludes) 277,000 non-tax-paying citizens — 25 per cent of the labour force — whom the Treasury has never heard of, and the CBS completely

overlooks, making their periodical reports not worth the paper they are printed on.

He takes this hallucinating technique further. He divides the 277,000 individuals he has just conjured out of the air into roughly 70,000 domestic workers, 80,000 other wage-earners, and 120,000 self-employed.

The domestic workers make money and pay no tax, but he decides to ignore them. The wage-earners, he decrees, earn ILA2,000 a month. According to the National Insurance Institute, the average wage in 1974 was ILA1,642.

The self-employed, he says, earn ILA3,350 a month, a sum equivalent, at today's prices, to ILA17,860. This is an average income, mark you, for fringe manpower without an office or registered place of employment.

Their earnings come to ILA100,000 a year which, multiplied by his 120,000 (unregistered and unrecorded) self-employed, yields a total of ILA12b., all of it black cash. Salaries of ILA30,000 a year multiplied by 80,000 recipients make ILA2.4b. If we add ILA2.4b. to ILA12b., we get ILA14.4b. And that, says Nadel, is the black money generated in a single year by this particular category of tax evader.

IN THE FACE of such primitive reasoning, it is difficult to know where to start. There are countries whose proportion of population in the labour force is similar to ours; those do not interest Baruch Nadel. He has chosen the country which must, he pronounces, have an identical statistic to ours: the United States. If there is a difference, someone is lying, and not (heaves forbid) the Americans. The rats are all Israeli.

It is stated quite clearly in the U.S. *Statistical Abstract of 1975* (p. 343) that the figures given include the armed forces. The Israeli figures do not, being concerned only with civilian occupations.

Nadel allows for that. He reduces his assessment of what the labour force should be from 61.8 per cent (the U.S. figure for 1974) to 60.61 per cent — a cut of 1.5 per cent. That would yield a total of 12,000-18,000 soldiers in Israel, a number which is supposed to comprise the whole of the permanent army (excluding reservists), plus all the conscripts doing their three-year stint. If any estimate deserves the term "ridiculous," this is it.

Mr. Nadel also ignores the fact that the American work-force is given as a proportion of the population aged 16 and above, whereas in Israel it relates to those aged 14 and above. (Very few of the 14- and 15-year-olds are gainfully employed.)

He likewise passes blithely over the fact that the main difference between the two countries lies in the participation of women in the labour force. Male participation in the U.S. (excluding army, and for the 14+ population) is 72.7 per cent. In Israel it was 66 per cent in 1974 (a year when everybody was in the army) and 68.5 per cent in the preceding period. But for woman, the rats is 48 per cent.

the U.S., and 31 per cent in Israel. Mr. Nadel is aware that women are not so suitable for the sinister role he allots to a segment of our manpower. Commenting on the decrease in Israel's civilian labour force in 1974, he notes that the fall took place among males only, because "there are no additional 'black' jobs for women."

True; but then, if Israel's statistics are identical with America's, there must be no less than 140,000 Israeli women, deceitfully registered as housewives or high-school pupils or invalids or too old to work, who are really bawling away at 'black' jobs — and full-time, judging by the amount that Nadel assures us they earn.

Is this supposed to be taken seriously? Any more than his story about the shoe-shop owner paying ILA1,000 a month of tax instead of ILA7,000. Nadel maintains that this businessman is taxed on monthly income of ILA1,000 instead of ILA100,000. One or other — or both — of these figures must be incorrect.

Firms which do not keep audited books are taxed according to a standard assessment. The minimum income for a shoe shop in 1975 was fixed for tax purposes as ranging, according to the type and location of the undertaking, from ILA250,000 a year per employed person to ILA5,000. The tax levied may not be less than those figures — if he does not keep books. And the term "employed person" includes the owner and his wife.

It is obviously impossible to know exactly what each shopkeeper earns to the last grush; but it is not difficult to have a pretty good idea. If he claims to be earning less than the figure, he must prove it, and can only do that by keeping books. Today everybody has to keep books (with each item backed by invoices and receipts); the standard assessment is being phased out.

THE MOST extreme example of marginal earnings that are impossible to trace is the payment of the plumber (for example), who insists on having cash and gives no receipt. Yet even he does not get away with it quite as much as people think. The Revenue's intelligence system has many opportunities for cross-checking. The CBS's Family Expenditure Survey is one source. Householders filling this form state how much they paid to plumbers for their repair and that. Computers help work out on a sample basis the approximate total earnings of all Israel's plumbers each year.

All the same, the plumber obviously does not disburse as much in tax as he would if his entire earnings were a salary derived from the Jewish Agency. The battle between tax collector and taxpayer never ends. Since the obligation to keep books was introduced, a lot more is coming in from the self-employed, which shows that much too little was being netted before.

How much revenue is missing — from all sources — can never be exactly known. Professor Michael Bruno estimated it; in the report of the Ben-Shahar committee, at 7.8 per cent. This is at least based on serious thinking. It does not purport to be a definitive figure. But it is just as likely to be too high as too low, since the committee's staff of assistants now openly admit to having mistakenly omitted a couple of items (kibbutz earnings, car allowances) from the list of legally recorded income.

IT IS DIFFICULT to check all Nadel's quoted figures at source, because he mostly has no source. Take his strictures against the Bar-Lev Line. It was constructed in a period (1966-67) when a big slump had just been succeeded by a building boom — immigration having shot up after the Six Day War. On top of that, fortifications had to be erected at speed, in a race against time.

Although the Treasury was supposed to receive photostats of all payments made by the defence authorities, some documents were missing in the hurry and flurry, specifications were not always thoroughly checked, and quite evidently many people did well out of their contracts in Sinai.

How well? Nadel says their profits were supposed to be ILA50m., and were actually ILA50m.; in other words, one-third of all the money paid out by the defence arm of the government was either unknown to its fiscal arm, or was thought to be spent on wages and materials when it actually went to line the contractors' pockets.

True or false? Mr. Nadel has caught us in a quiz. He did not work out the figure of ILA50m. by calculation. He just brazenly invented it. It is like saying, "There are 750 women in Katamon Gimmel committing adultery. Go and prove me wrong." How to examine evidence in order to disprove a statement — when the statement is not based on evidence?

YET ON wild guesses like that he proceeds to build a whole edifice of calculation. Because of the profiteering on the Bar-Lev Line, "the entire Israeli economy went from grey to black." The illicit money generated in 1978-74 amounts all told, Nadel estimates, to ILA30b. Not surprisingly, this conflicts with statistics of the national income. Unconcerned, he declares that the national income is all wrong. In that year it was not ILA11b., as stated by the CBS, but twice as much. This year, he says, black money will top ILA100b. As the national income is predicted in the national budget for 1977 to be only ILA85b., the true figure must be ILA165b.

In that case, official figures for the gross national product are also wrong. If close to ILA200b. is being spent, and not around ILA100b., there must be twice the volume of goods and services available than we thought. Where did they come from? All the production figures for industry, agriculture, transport, construction, etc., must be completely and wildly wrong. Also the input-output tables. Also the import and export figures.

There should be some consolation, however. If our statistics are all mistaken, then our true standard of living must be gratifyingly high. If the national income is twice as high as we thought it was, then so is the net national product (they are two sides of the same coin). The productivity of our economy per dollar of import component is much better than we thought.

The statisticians tell us that our average personal income is below that of Western Europe, and only a little higher than that of Italy or Japan. Baruch Nadel (he wittingly or unwittingly) reassures us. We are well abreast of the most advanced West European countries. We should be an attractive land for immigrants after all. "Israel," according to Mr. Nadel, "became a surrealist state." He can say that again. □

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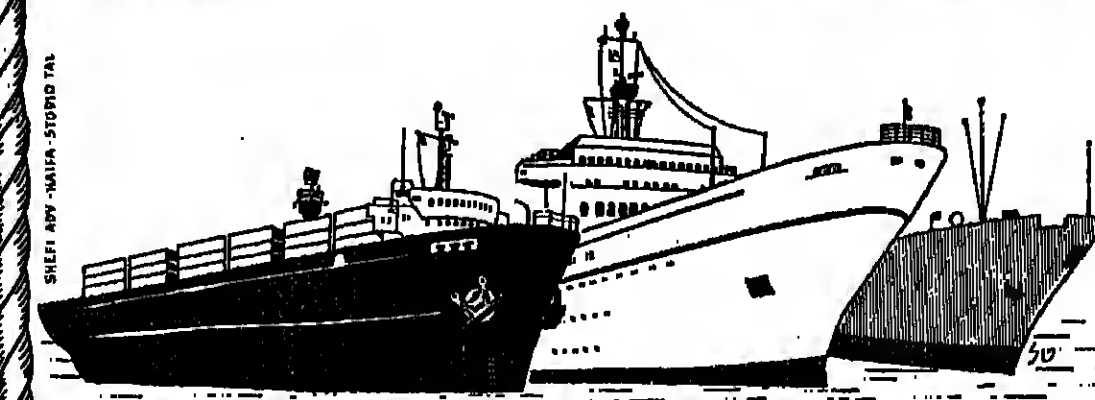
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הכזה מן האל



BOAT-BUILDERS OF OLD ACRE

IN THE OLD CITY of Acre, in the vaulted halls of an ancient khan near the sea, the Hamadi brothers build their boats.

There is a family business par excellence. A trade that has been handed down from father to son in the family for generations and, as it looks right now, the tradition will be continued. Already the eldest of the dozen sons of the three brothers, Abed, Mustafa and Mazen Hamadi, are helping out after school, learning the secrets of the trade. "Love of the work we do is what makes us successful," say the three brothers.

Taking time off from their work for a while one day recently, they sent one of the boys out for coffee, seated us on some ramshackle old chairs around a makeshift table, happy that a newspaper was taking interest in them, and told their story.

The family comes from Egypt. Their father had a boat-yard in Alexandria, but he moved to Palestine in 1917, building boats in Jaffa until 1925. He then moved to Haifa, where he was employed by a big Arab contractor to repair the lighters and build small vessels for port use. In 1937, he set up business on his own again. After his seashore boathouse was knocked out by a shell in the 1948 war, he shifted his operations to the khan. He was 88 when he died four years ago.

The three brothers, aged from 38 to 50, recall that when they joined the trade, all their boats were made of timber. "But you must move with the times," and so in 1973 they switched to fibreglass, though they still prefer the occasional wooden boat they are asked to produce. "There's something more sensitive in working with wood," they explain.

THE HAMADIS will build everything from their very popular family-size Shamshoni sailing-boat, that will seat from two to five persons and sells at present for IL7,000, through wooden fishing-boats to 18m-long training-boats, for oars and sail. Their customers are mainly the Education Ministry (for the maritime schools), the sports organizations, the Acre fishermen, ("We've been hard hit by the bad sardine season"), the Israel Navy and the kibbutzim. Private buyers are becoming fewer as the recession digs in. Strangely, none of the brothers sails, one of them can't even swim, and another gets seasick if he ventures out on one of their products. Also strangely for a country with such a long coastline, they are the only builders of family and sports boats in Israel. The Snapir company in Haifa was a competitor, until it went bankrupt and closed down, a couple of years ago. They had no trouble switching from wood to fibreglass.

"Because we understand boats, all we had to learn was the nature of the new material."

The important thing in fibreglass boats is the mould. Moulds are expensive to make and if you don't get enough orders for a model — five is the minimum — you'll lose on the mould.

The Hamadis change their models quite frequently. "We have to keep ahead, because otherwise our customers will import newer models." In their own way, therefore, the brothers are saving the country a lot of dollars.

TAKING US round the cluttered workshop, they explained, "Space is our big problem and we can only work on one or two boats at a time."

They plan and develop their boats by themselves. "If you start engaging engineers and architects and production engineers you drive up your costs and can't keep your customers. That's what we think ruined Snapir," they say.

They also do all the work themselves, and don't employ any outside labour. "You can't rely on hired workers nowadays," they say regretfully.

They themselves are at work 14, 18 or even more hours a day if necessary. "We make a good living, because we love the work and don't mind devoting long hours to it. That's another secret of our success," the brothers say.

The sails for their boats are either made by Nahum Ben-Gal of Mikhmoret whose Hafouly (cat) trademark adorns most of Israel's sails, or else are imported.

The brothers reckon that they sell their boats at least one-third cheaper than comparable models from abroad, "and we want to keep it that way."

THEY ESTIMATE their annual turnover at around IL700,000. No, they have not felt the recession much, because the schools and sports organizations are always having to get new boats, or at least bringing their old ones to be repaired and renovated.

Although they have fewer private customers, they have just built their first yacht, and because it is cheaper than foreign makes, they hope to be able to add yachts to their line. They argue that the really rich, who can afford them, don't usually feel the pinch of a recession. The yacht, which can sleep two, will be sold at IL20,000.

The Hamadis are now building a new larger workshop in the industrial zone at Mishmar Hayam, just outside Acre. "We're doing it slowly, paying our way as we go, with no big and risky investments. But we feel we must move with the times."

Also, they must make room for all those sons who'll be joining the business, because boat-building is the natural occupation for a Hamadi of Acre. □

IN NEWSPAPER jargon, most birth announcements are "dead" a day after publication. Not so a small item which appeared in this paper two months ago: "Tel Aviv: A son was born at midnight Thursday to Nili née Limon and Nathaniel de Rothschild, at Asuta Hospital.... The maternal grandfather is Mordechai Limon, former O.C. Navy and former head of Israel's Defence Purchasing Mission in France. Nili de Rothschild came here from France last month so that her child would be born a sabra."

Baby Baron Raphael Binyamin Yaacov de Rothschild is the great-great-nephew of the famed "father of the yishuv," Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris, and as the first sabra Rothschild, he brings the family's continuous and important connections with Israel full circle... though by no means to a full stop.

For a Rothschild to be born in Israel is news. For a Rothschild to hit the headlines is rare in the extreme. The family wants it that way.

Nevertheless, Baron Edmond de Rothschild's name appeared on the front pages of the Israeli press just a month ago. Were it not for the notoriety brought to the Israel Corporation (I.C.) by former Managing Director Michael Tzur, the publication of the State Comptroller's report and the resulting storm in the Knesset and the press, few people would know of Edmond de Rothschild's role as Chairman of the Board of I.C.

The corporation is only one of many major projects in Israel in which the Baron plays an active and key role. Baron Edmond was understandably upset at having his good name linked with any hint of mismanagement and financial scandal; more so because he claims he was misquoted and that his statements were distorted by the press.

THE NAME of the first Baron Edmond, his grandfather, is synonymous with the title "the renowned benefactor." His first contributions to the yishuv in 1882 were signed "hanadiv hayadua." He had intended to remain incognito, but as his involvement with the settlements grew, Jewish Palestine came to know him as "Baron Rothschild, the anonymous benefactor."

His son James, who continued his father's work through PICA, the Palestine Jewish Colonization Association formed by the Baron in 1924, shared Edmond's desire for anonymity.

A close associate of the family attributes this characteristic to "a truly aristocratic and noble feeling. The Rothschilds like to serve people but they don't look for anything in return."

TODAY'S Rothschilds are still reluctant in the extreme when any question of publicity arises. They do not open their archives to the public. They never disclose how their trust funds are made up, nor the sums involved. They politely refuse requests for interviews. Their key employees and close acquaintances paraphrase an information with the condition that they should not be quoted by name.

All this seems curiously paradoxical when it relates to a family described in the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* as "financially and philanthropically... patrons of arts and sciences... whose name is a byword for opulence and magnificence."

David Ben-Gurion himself wrote of Baron Edmond de Rothschild: "It is doubtful

ROTHSCHILD SEEDS

The Rothschild family has a long and rich association with Israel, beginning with the donations of Baron Edmond, the "father of the yishuv." The Post's CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER talks to Batsheva de Rothschild, the only member of the family living here permanently, and describes the local contributions of the English and French branches of the family.

whether throughout the entire period of close on two thousand years which the Jews have spent in exile any person is to be found who equals or who can compare with the remarkable figure of the Baron, bulwark of the Jewish settlement in the homeland."

Rothschild biographer Virginia Cowles estimates that the Baron invested £8 million in Palestine between 1882 and his death in 1934. Swamps were drained, wells were dug, houses built. He founded industries — from perfume factories to glass works, from wine cellars to bottle manufacturing plants. He established the Palestine Electric Corporation and the Hebrew University, supported the infant colonies of Rishon LeZion and Zikhron Yaacov, Rosh Pina and Petah Tikva, founded Ekron and sponsored numerous agricultural research projects.

Baron Edmond lived to see his cousin, the second Lord Rothschild, receive in 1917 the letter which came to be known as the Balfour Declaration.

And he would have enjoyed knowing that his great-great-nephew would be born in Tel Aviv, a fourth-generation sabra on his mother's side.

His great-niece Batsheva's activities in ballet and in arts and crafts are a far cry from pioneering work in primitive barren settlements, but well within the family's cultural tradition. Most of all, he would surely have been proud that his grandson and namesake would have such widespread business and philanthropic interests in Israel today.

JAMES DE ROTHSCCHILD carried on his father's work, precisely as he had predicted when he told the colonists of Rosh Pina during his last visit: "Soon my son will come to you and he will speak to you in Hebrew." Aesthetically, it was World War I which brought James to Palestine for the first time, with the British army, recruiting men for the Jewish battalions.

Throughout his life, James continued to administer PICA, but when it became clear, after the establishment of the State of Israel, that colonization would be handled by the government, he changed its functions, renaming it Yad Hanadiv — the Rothschild Foundation — and rechanneling the trust's funds to the promotion of education, science and culture.

James de Rothschild moved to England during World War I. He became a naturalized Englishman and dropped the title of Baron.

Since his death, his widow Dolley, together with Lord Victor de Rothschild and his son James, have taken over the Rothschild Foundation.

For simplicity's sake, Rothschild activities in Israel to day can be divided into those of the English branch, via the foundation, and those of the French cousins, with whom family ties are very close.

THE FIRST thing which strikes you when you enter a Rothschild office is an orderly atmosphere of old world courtesy, formality, punctuality and efficiency, far removed from the Israeli hustle and bustle outside.

When a Rothschild donates money, he invests in his decision the same caution, thoroughness and desire for profit as he would if it were his own private enterprise. Yad Hanadiv is an "action foundation" and no mere cheque-dispensing, tax-exempt trust. Its priorities, in order, are education, health and welfare and religion. It initiates its own projects after careful study of the country's needs, calling on top experts for extensive research and feasibility studies before investing.

Rothschild money is seed money, designed to nurture, develop and establish projects until they can get off the ground, after which they are handed over to a public body for permanent management.

An exception to this principle, categorized as a "special project," was the foundation's gift of IL6 million, in 1957, for the building of the new Knesset, in accordance with James de Rothschild's wish. By the time the building was completed, the initial gift had swollen to IL20 million.

Other "special projects" include the Ramat Hanadiv Park, the Rothschild Frise Fund, and the planning and building of the Caesarea Golf Course, subsequently handed over to the Caesarea Development Corporation.

"No other donor operates on the same scale as our foundation," says its director general. "But all the details are confidential. The only man who partially succeeded in penetrating the financial secrets of the Rothschilds was the late Pinhas Sapir. But even he failed to do so to his full satisfaction!"

IN 1966 THE Foundation undertook the funding of Educational Television in Israel. In accordance with its principles, it financed the entire pilot project, in conjunction with world experts, for its first three years, subsequently handing it over to the public body which runs it today.

The philosophy behind the foundation is that if Israel does not create "centres of excellence," the country will "revert to Levantism." One such centre is the Jerusalem Music Centre, under the patronage of Isaac Stern. This

The first sabra Rothschild.

centre gives music students in Israel the chance to work with visiting international masters.

There are also numerous projects aimed at rehabilitating juvenile delinquents and at redirecting "marginal youth" street-gang kids into potential criminals. Most major educational institutions and hospitals derive some support from the foundation.

In the field of religion, the foundation supports yeshivot, and finances the provision of rabbis for isolated communities all over the world. It was active in the restoration of four old synagogues in the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem's Old City.

THE ONE MEMBER of the family who lives in Israel, Batsheva de Rothschild, is a reserved, rather retiring personality. She decided to settle here because of her "interest in culture, backed by family tradition and the environment in which I grew up, surrounded by beautiful art and treasures."

"I have always had a desire to achieve high standards and quality in the arts. Israel was an ideal ground for fostering the activities which interest me: here, if you take a drop of red ink, you soon have a sea. Elsewhere you will achieve, at best, a small puddle."

Batsheva says she has never been interested in merely donating money to existing projects, "only in creating my own, in which I am intensely and personally involved."

Her first project here was a committee she established for the improvement of design in government housing projects, followed by the setting up of the Israel Chamber Music Association, under the directorship of Gary Bertini. Here again, the principle was "seed money" — three years later, the project was continued by Kol Yisrael. In both cases the intention was to influence, but not actively continue, further development.

The Batsheva Crafts Corporation was the first Israeli-based project she built up which she intends to continue developing; its raison d'être the sad lack of quality crafts she found in Israel. As a commercial venture, Batsheva Crafts is probably a luxury that only a Rothschild could afford to patronize.

As a patroness of the Arts, Batsheva de Rothschild's first love is her ballet company. Her interest in dance dates back to her long-standing association and active support for Martha Graham in New York.

In 1964, she set up the Batsheva company to provide a roof for a number of talented dancers, headed by Rina Gluck and Rina Schonfeld. When Jeanette Ordman emigrated to Israel from

South Africa, Batsheva saw in her "a ballerina who was going to build dance anew in Israel."

In 1967, Batsheva set up the Bat Dor school headed by Jeanette. It grew into the Bat Dor company "out of a need for dancers to function."

Although Batsheva prefers not to go into details, running two parallel dance companies proved to be a problem. She discontinued her support for Batsheva, which now functions independently, and put all her resources into Bat Dor.

"We are raising dance to Rothschild level, which means big and good and right. Bat Dor grew out of Jeanette," she says.

"I am fortunate, because of my freedom and my position and the family into which I was born, in not having to struggle in society. And yet the fact that one has a certain vision and the means to act according to it often results in everyone thinking you are mad."

HER COUSIN, Edmond de Rothschild, is one of the most colourful, charming and outgoing personalities in the family. In the days when he owned the Caesarea Hotel, he was often seen on the dance floor or at the bar, casually dressed, relaxed, chatting to guests, many of whom had no idea that he was not just another visitor on holiday.

The 60-year-old baron is said to be the richest of all the Rothschilds, the only son of Maurice — the one Rothschild who might be described as a playboy. Edmond, an internationally known tycoon and bon vivant, developed Mégevès Alpine ski resort, which was started by his mother. He also owns 50 per cent of Club Méditerranée, is a major shareholder in Pan Am hotels and many other resort developments, and is the head of a world-wide empire, which includes diamond interests, a private bank in Paris, and another in Switzerland.

His philanthropic interests are equally impressive. For over 20 years, he has been President of European Bonds for Israel. His first project in this country was the setting up of the Tricontinental Pipeline, linking the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. He subsequently set up the Plantex pharmaceuticals company. He controls the Israel General Bank. And, as we have noted, he is Chairman of the Board of the Israel Corporation.

But tourism is probably the field closest to his heart. Following the winding up of PICA assets after 1948, his grandfather's lands in Caesarea were donated to the Government Lands Authority. The Caesarea Foundation was set up, with all profits destined for the furtherment of higher education in Israel.

Together with its daughter company, the Caesarea Development Corporation, it has built residential areas and a luxury villa zone, developed the beach and other tourist facilities, and contributed to excavations of the old Roman city and port and the restoration of the Amphitheatre. Edmond has made his own private investments in Caesarea, following his grandfather's vision of the area as the Riviera of Israel.

Edmond, his wife Nadine, who is former President of French Wizo, and their son stay in their villa in Caesarea on their frequent visits to Israel.

In addition to Edmond's manifold interests here, which are managed by Mordechai Limon, he also finds time to be actively involved with the Israel Museum and to sit on the Board of Governors of the Hebrew University. □

The only boat-builders in the country are the brothers Hamadi, whose family has been in the trade for more generations than they can remember. YA'ACOV FRIEDLER went to Acre recently to hear their story. Photos by JUDAH PASSOW.



مركز من الأصل

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

THE BEST OF TZAVTA'S FOLK — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING OF JAZZ — Dan Ootirlied, piano. Aharon Kaminsky, drums. Victor Purov, bass. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — With the Hora dance group. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI SONG FESTIVAL — Many of Israel's most popular performers. (Elyanet He'oma, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

HITS OF THE 40s and 50s — Played by the King Quartet. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAFFE — Singers and musicians from around the world. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 8:40 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ADAM AND HAVAL — Musical comedy by Yonatan Ofeon. (Belt Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — Songs and entertainment. (Belt Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Monday at 8 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — Sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHAH HANIVER FESTIVAL — Humorous sketches by the comedy trio. (Ohe, Belt Arlossoff, 9 Bellinson, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Evening of songs. (Tanvia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, tonight at midnight)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — Musical comedy with Odi Yagil, written by Dan Almogor, Dani Ravohi, Yoel Silber, Dudu Topaz and Yonina Ofeon. (Belt Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Belt Arlossoff, 9 Bellinson, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT — With Ily Ootirlied, Yona Atar, Mira Rabinovitch and Sany Kachol. (Belt Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

ADAM AND HAVAL — (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, Monday at 8 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ACROSS THE OCEAN — Programme of songs and skits. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, today at 11:30)

BUNGALA BOYS — British film. (Israel Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FURIM PARTY — Programme of mimes and short films. (Israel Museum, today at 10)

FRAMID — Humorous sketches, with Oded Teoni and Mira Rabinovitch. (Edison, today at 12:15)

THUMBOLINA — Tripi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaya. (Belt Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, today at 10)

TOM SAWYER — Musical film of Mark Twain's classic. Starring Johnny Whitaker as Tom and Jeff East as Huckleberry Finn. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 10)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN — Film based on the famous American novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

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Fado singer Amalia Rodriguez.

LACIT OIS OZORES — Hilarious Yiddish comedy with Yakov Shapiro. (Yahav Hall, Solci Boneh Square, Saturday at 7 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, tonight at 8:30)

PEOPLE LIKE TO SING — With Arif Elshin, Yoni Reicher, Ephraim Shalom, Adar Shamir, Shlomo Idor and the Netanya Orchestra. (Technion, Churchill Hall, tonight at 9:30 and 11:45)

THE EMIGRANTS — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT — (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday at 7 and 9:30 p.m.; Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

MOONCHILDREN — A group of American students in the Sixties, approaching the end of their course, wonder what the next stage in their lives will be. (A Comer Theatre production. (Cameri, 101 Olzengoff, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OTHERWISE ENOACHED — Comedy by Simon Gray. (Cameri, 101 Olzengoff, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday)

PLAQUE: SOUVENIRS FROM A FAMILY ALBUM — The Khan's new production directed by Hilla Ne'eman is a tribute to the late actor Nephthal Yavin who wrote the script. (Social satire with tragicomic elements. (Nahmani Hall, 4 Nahmani, Saturday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

RICHARD III — Shakespeare's play produced by Habimah. (Habimah's Large Hall, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

SEVENTH SEAL — Written by Ingmar Bergman. Translated by Amira Polin and directed by Simha Foaier. Performed by the Alternation Group. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

TEMPORARY WEDDING — Comedy by the Lish Theatre. (Lish Theatre, 9 Haport, today at 10:30)

APARTMENT FOR RENT — Play with Odi Shavit. (Lish Theatre, 9 Haport, today at 11:30)

TRICKS BY MAX & MORITZ — Special for Furim. (Belt Abba Khoushy, 71 Silber, Saturday at 11:30 a.m.)

HABAMBA — Educational play by Yigal Monsson. Performed by "From the Lash" theatre group. (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, Saturday at 11 a.m.)

FESTIVAL OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN — Includes "Apple for Shabbat," "Pineapple," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Goat & the Kid." (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, Saturday at 4 p.m.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN — Film based on the famous American novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

SEVEN IN ONE SWOOP — Play by the Beersheba Theatre based on the Grimm tales. About a small jailor who defeats giants. (Ramat Gan, Orde, today at 10:30; Beersheba, Belt Ha'am, Saturday at 8:30 p.m.)

BORN YESTERDAY — The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how

quintessentially of this sort age, but the show is still among, with a great deal of pace and a remarkable performance by Gill. In short, as the dumb beast who acts the part. (See reviews.) (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Devarer, Saturday, Thursday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — Satirical comedy written by Eli Sagie about an Israeli seeking his fortune in America, with Y'acov Bodo, Oshik Levi, Rachel Oayan, Shmuel Kildron, Marina Rozell and Avi Hofman. Produced by the Lish Theatre. (Belt Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Saturday at 9:15 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS — About two men looking to the West, one with intellectual aspirations, the other with the idea of making money. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 8:30 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Based on the book "Charlie" with Alex Peleg. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

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OTHERWISE ENOACHED — Comedy by Simon Gray. (Cameri, 101 Olzengoff, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — Satirical comedy written by Eli Sagie about an Israeli seeking his fortune in America, with Y'acov Bodo, Oshik Levi, Rachel Oayan, Shmuel Kildron, Marina Rozell and Avi Hofman. Produced by the Lish Theatre. (Belt Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Saturday at 9:15 p.m.)

CARDS — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Devarer, Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

BRIZA — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Devarer, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WALL-TO-WALL LAUGHTER — The Time Theatre's musical satire on Israeli society. (Ora Theatre, Loral Street, tonight at 9:30)

Other Towns

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — (Beersheba, Gili Hall, tonight at 9; Ha'anona, Orde, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.; Ashdod, Esther Hall, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's famous play about the boy who gauged out the eyes of his horse, here after fabulous success, returns to the world. The singing by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the play has little meaning. (Khan Hahotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Givat Haim, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE HOUSE OF BERNARD ALBA — Beersheba Theatre's production of Luce's work about the life of a woman who grew up in the home of her mother, in an impressive production by newcomer Yoram Falk. (Beersheba, Belt Ha'am, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

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PLAQUE: SOUVENIRS FROM A FAMILY ALBUM — The Khan's new production directed by Hilla Ne'eman is a tribute to the late actor Nephthal Yavin who wrote the script. (Social satire with tragicomic elements. (Nahmani Hall, 4 Nahmani, Saturday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

RICHARD III — Shakespeare's play produced by Habimah. (Habimah's Large Hall, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

SEVENTH SEAL — Written by Ingmar Bergman. Translated by Amira Polin and directed by Simha Foaier. Performed by the Alternation Group. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

TEMPORARY WEDDING — Comedy by the Lish Theatre. (Lish Theatre, 9 Haport, today at 10:30)

APARTMENT FOR RENT — Play with Odi Shavit. (Lish Theatre, 9 Haport, today at 11:30)

TRICKS BY MAX & MORITZ — Special for Furim. (Belt Abba Khoushy, 71 Silber, Saturday at 11:30 a.m.)

HABAMBA — Educational play by Yigal Monsson. Performed by "From the Lash" theatre group. (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, Saturday at 11 a.m.)

FESTIVAL OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN — Includes "Apple for Shabbat," "Pineapple," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Goat & the Kid." (Shavit Theatre, 9 Haport, Saturday at 4 p.m.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN — Film based on the famous American novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

SEVEN IN ONE SWOOP — Play by the Beersheba Theatre based on the Grimm tales. About a small jailor who defeats giants. (Ramat Gan, Orde, today at 10:30; Beersheba, Belt Ha'am, Saturday at 8:30 p.m.)

BORN YESTERDAY — The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how

quintessentially of this sort age, but the show is still among, with a great deal of pace and a remarkable performance by Gill. In short, as the dumb beast who acts the part. (See reviews.) (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Devarer, Saturday, Thursday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

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MUSIC

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Jerusalem

SHOSHANA RUJADAROV — Piano recital. Mozart: Fantasy in C Minor, Schumann: 4 Pieces, Opus 10, Beethoven: 12 Variations in C Minor, Chopin: Sonata No. 3 in B Minor, Opus 35. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

ISRAELI WIND QUINTET, with PNINA SALTZMAN, piano — All-Beethoven programme. (Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem, Monday, Special United Nations' 10th Anniversary Concert. King David Hotel at 7:30, from Kings Hotel at 7:45, from Mount Herzl at 8:00 Return trip assured.)

JEHU'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Symphony No. 1, Beethoven. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

NEW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, London — Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos conducting. (Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem, Monday, Special United Nations' 10th Anniversary Concert. King David Hotel at 7:30, from Kings Hotel at 7:45, from Mount Herzl at 8:00 Return trip assured.)

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Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, March 5, 1977

ARMON Tel. 720706
MIRRELL PARC
Le Telephone
Rose
4, 7, 15, 9, 30

HADAR Tel. 725822
4th week

A Movie and Breakfast
MIRI KAM
MONON TARNONI
English subtitles

ORDEA Tel. 721720
★ CHARLES BRUNSON
ST. IVES
4, 7, 15, 9, 30

OASIS
2nd week
THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY
CHARLTON HESTON
HENRY FONDA
4, 5, 7, 15, 9, 30

LILI

2nd week
The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane
JODIE FOSTER
From the "TAXI DRIVER"
Sat. and all week 7, 15, 9, 30

RAMAT GAN

If The Hustlers
Didn't Got You
The Hustlers Did
★ GEORGE SEGAL
★ GOLDIE HAWN
in the comedy

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox
Panavision — colour
7, 15, 9, 30
Adults only

RAMA Tel. 721912
LOUIS DE FUNES
YVES MONTAND
La Folle du Grandeur
7, 15, 9, 30



Elizabeth Taylor cuddles 10-year-old Todd Lookinsland while 7-year-old Patsy Kensit looks on in "The Blue Bird"

FILMS IN BRIEF

BATTLE OF MIDWAY — Plenty of action and suspense, with Hal Holbrook as the head of a U.S. naval combat intelligence group that broke the Japanese secret code during World War II. Excellent cast includes Charlton Heston, Henry Fonda and James Coburn.

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE — Fascinating study of the rich and poor of south-western Africa with some magnificent photography of birds, insects and beasts. The narration, whimsical in tone, is in Hebrew.

THE BLUE BIRD — Soviet-American production based on a fairy tale by Maurice Maeterlinck. Stars Elizabeth Taylor, Ava Gardner and Jane Fonda.

COUSIN, COUSINE — Light, whimsical domestic comedy, not important but agreeable with some well observed detail. Directed by Jean-Charles Téclia with Marie-Chantal Barreau, Marie-Françoise Poirier and Victor Lanoux. In French.

THE DUCHESS AND THE DIRTWATER FOX — Goldie Hawn plays a not-too-successful hooker in a light comedy, directed by Melvin Frank.

FUTUREWORLD — Science fiction fantasy about a desert town populated by robots programmed by an evil mastermind who intends to take over the world. With Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, John Ryan and Yui Brynner.

GREAT GUNS — 1941 Laurel and Hardy army comedy. Also stars Shelly Ryan, Dick Nelson, Edmund MacDonald.

THE HUMAN FACTOR — About the slaughter of the family of a U.S. adviser at a NATO base in Naples by a terrorist group who threaten more such murders if their demands are not met, and the breakdown of the terrorist by the adviser, Steve George Kennedy, John Mills, Rita Tushingham.

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT — Sidney Poitier plays a bright, sophisticated Negro from the north and Rod Taylor is the gum-shoing southern police chief working together in a murder case. Directed by Norman Jewison.

I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW — Foreign comedy in a "Millie" setting. Musky. With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton.

LIPSTICK — About a photographic model (Margaux Hemingway) who is beaten and raped by her sister's (Lester Martin) mustache teacher, the subsequent trial where the rapist is let off, and the consequences. Fear series and the only really decent thing coming from Anne Bancroft as the prosecutor.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVED DOWN THE LANE — Revolves around a thirteen-year-old whose father's disfigurement that her first duty is to ensure her own survival leads her to take some very drastic actions. Mainly a vehicle for the talents of young Jodie Foster (the 12-year-old prostitute of "Taxi Driver") who shows herself a gifted actress. Directed by Nicolas Gessner.

THE LOST HONOUR OF KATHARINA BLUM — Political thriller about journalistic character assassination, based on Heinrich Böll's recent bestseller. The victim is a reserved young woman who's had a brief amorous association with a wanted radical. Political overtones are somewhat confusing.

LOVE AND ANARCHY — Set mainly in an Italian brothel of the Thirties where a young country lad (Giancarlo Giannini) falls in love with a whore and his plans to assassinate Mussolini never materialize. Unconvincing in quality but full of vitality with some fine moments. Directed by Lina Wertmüller.

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue centring around a former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

MEAN STREETS — Written and directed by Martin Scorsese ("Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," "Taxi Driver"), this is a blistering, angry film about New York's Little Italy whose mean streets harbour despair and frustration from which there seems no escape. At the same time the ethnic traditions and core values assure solidarity. Powerful picture. With Robert de Niro, Harvey Keitel and Amy Robinson.

A MOVIE AND BREAKFAST — Tantalizingly done Israeli romantic comedy about the ups and downs in a young couple's first year of marriage with Miki Kam and Doreen Tabor.

MURDER BY DEATH — The most famous national detective gather at a country estate to solve a murder. Star-studded cast includes Peter Falk, Alec Guinness, David Niven, Peter Sellers, Maggie Smith and Truman Capote.

POLYNESIAN ODYSSEY — A visual documentary about a canoe-sailing native in the South Seas, travelling far and wide in search of humble earth for his coral island. Musky narration.

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE — Thrilling disaster movie about a passenger ship overturned on the high seas by a tidal wave. Star-studded cast includes Gene Hackman and Shelley Long.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE — Release of the 1955 classic study of youth on the run. Page with James Dean playing a juvenile delinquent and Natalie Wood his girlfriend.

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA — A kind of inverted fairy tale for adults, with a lot of sex and a child at times. The film is witty and ally going on but the beautifully photographed Hawaiian children, and a hot steam-sailor romance, merge slowly together.

SILENT MOVIE — Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mind going on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

ST. IVES — Thriller set in Los Angeles, with Charles Bronson in the title role.

LE TELEPHONE ROSE — Pleasant, undemanding French romantic comedy with Mireille Darc and Pierre Mondy. Directed by Edouard Molinaro.

LA TETE DE NORMANDE ST. ONGE — French-Canadian, Brechtian, horror show, with a circus of misfits killing each other's wounds in a condemned house. There is one particularly explicit sex scene.

THE THIEF WHO CAME AND FELL IN LOVE — A young man whose factory is in danger of going out of business robs banks and post offices in order to pay his debts, on the way falling in love with a post office clerk who becomes his accomplice. Unconvincing but enjoyable. French dubbed into English. With Omer Depardieu and Dominique Labourier.

LE VIEUX FUSIL — Set in the French provinces in 1944 as the Germans retreat before the Allied forces, the film recounts a doctor's (Philippe Noiret) revenge for the way falling in love with his family and friends. Fine script, marred by excessive brutality.

Special film showings

ONECAFE — Animated and experimental Canadian film. Introduced by Shaul Shira. (Jerusalem: Pargod Foster Theatre, 24 Bezalel, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DOG DAY AFTERNOON — A bank robbery that took place in New York in 1972 provides the plot for a film that is hilarious and full of suspense with many brilliant characterizations by members of a large cast headed by Al Pacino. Fine direction by Sidney Lumet ("Serpico"). Worth watching in line to see. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2.30)

FIVE EASY PIECES — Jack Nicholson sees young man from a well-to-do musical family, in search of himself. Karen Black plays his waitress girlfriend. (Jerusalem: Khan; opposite Railway Station, tonight at 9 and 11.30)

THE FORTUNE — Mare Hollywood nostalgia in this Mike Nichols farce about a pair of likeable second-rate (Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson) conspiring to part a scatterbrained heiress (talented newcomer Shephard Channing) from her inheritance. Often very funny, but with some flat periods, the film has a wonderfully authentic 1930s flavour throughout. (Jerusalem: Israel Museum, Tuesday at 8 and 8.30 p.m.)

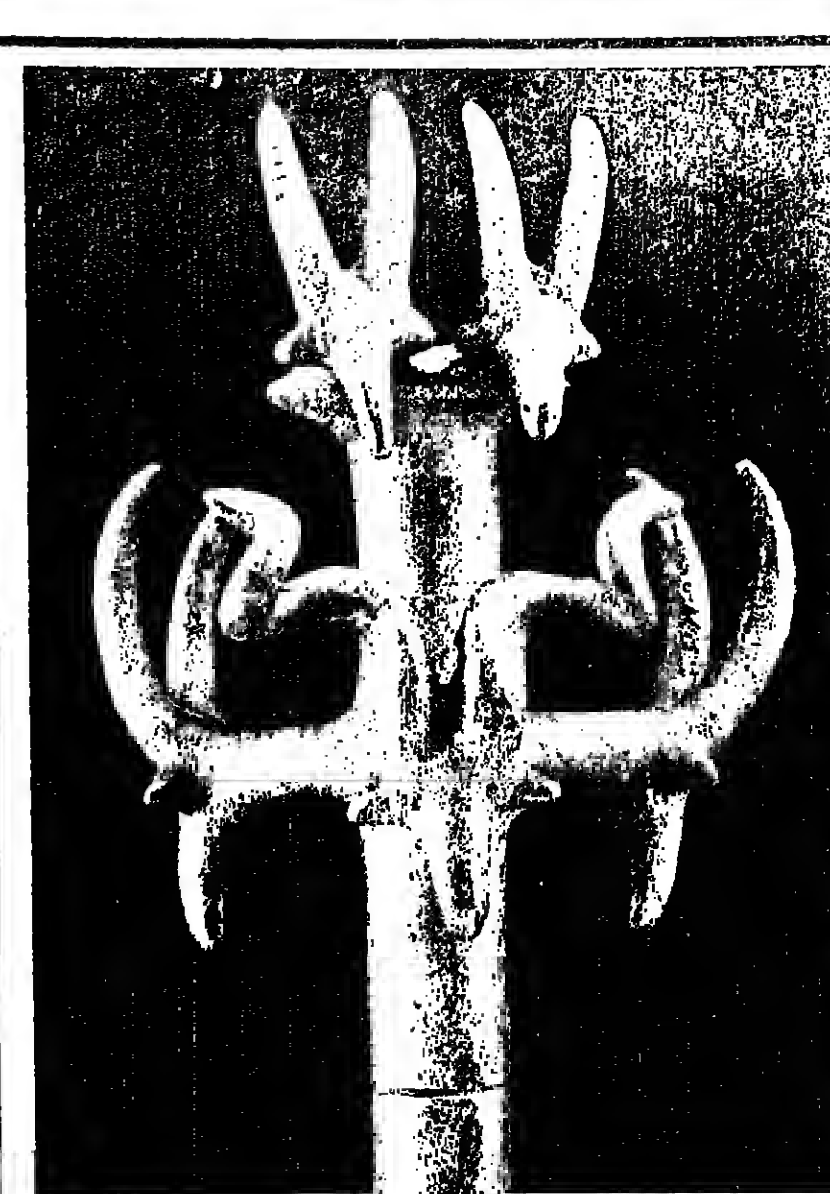
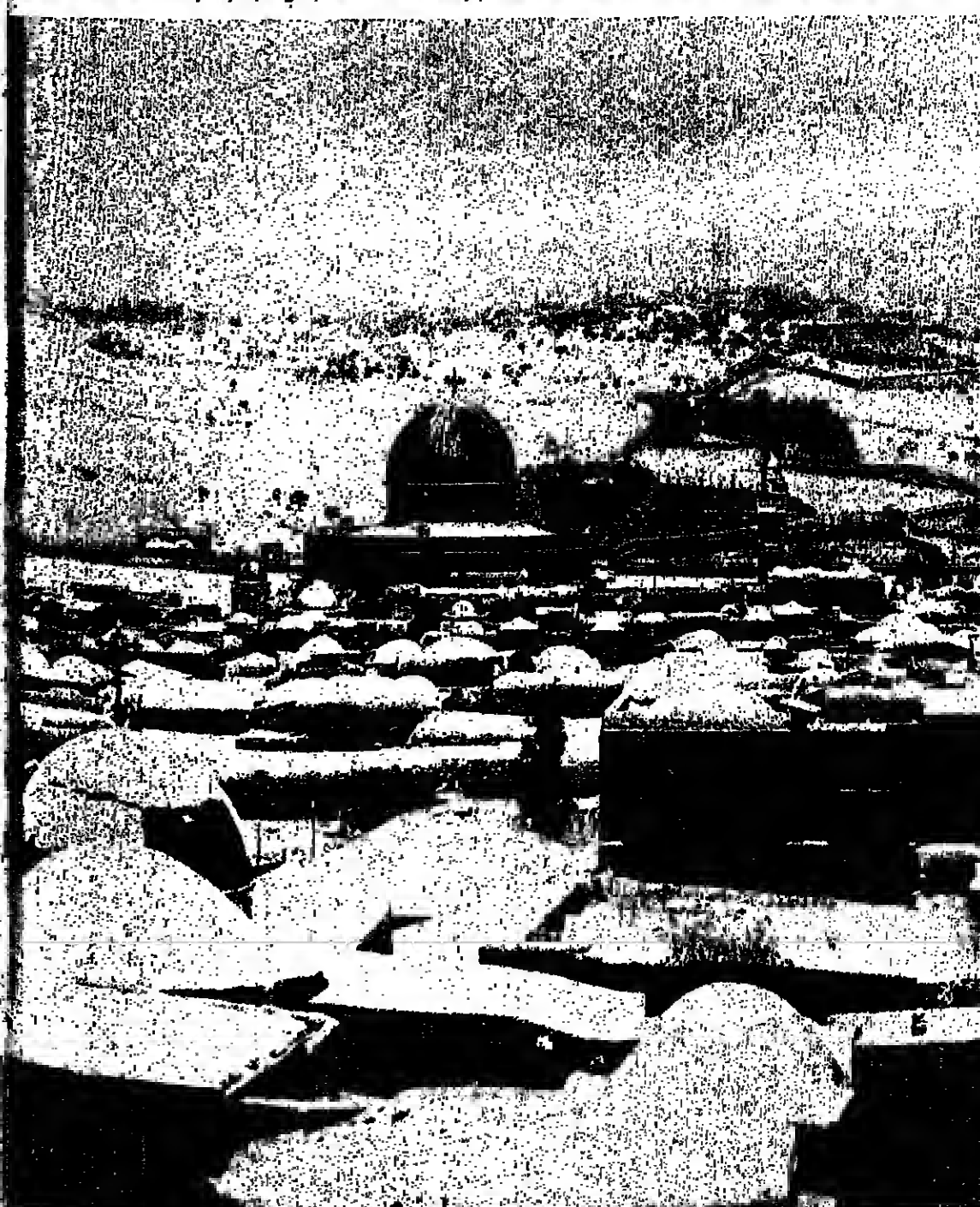
ORPEO NEGRO — 1960 dubbed Brazilian film directed by Marcel Camus. Has become a classic for its sating, male and carnival scenes. (Halla Cinematheque, today at 2)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC — Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, super songs, fine scenery, great plot with no naughty bits: entertainment for all the family. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

WOMEN IN LOVE — Karl Ruse's adaptation of the novel by D.H. Lawrence. With Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Alan Bates. (Jerusalem Cinematheque, today at 2)



Left: Gurin cave interior, 1943. (Right) Ritual standard, 4th millennium B.C. (Below left) Jerusalem's Old City, 1987. (Right) Schwoig in 1923.



Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, March 5, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224839
LOVE AND ANARCHY
JEAN CARLO GIANNINI
Marie Angela Malafra

EDEN Tel. 223820
2nd week

THE HUMAN FACTOR
GEORGE KENNEDY
JOHN MILLS
Top-notch thriller!!
For adults only
4, 7, 9

JERUSALEM
Premiere in Jerusalem
MEAN STREETS
with ROBERT DE NIRO
(Taxi driver)
by Scorsese

HABIRAH Tel. 232860
Osango Patrick
Kathy Perry
THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE

ORNA Tel. 224733
THE BODY OF MY ENEMY
JEAN PAUL BELMONDO

BOISON Tel. 224033
Saturday 7-9
Weekdays 4-7-9

BRUCE LEE WE MISS YOU
Starring
Lee Roy Yang
in Colour
From age 16
Sunday afternoon at
4 o'clock will be a
performance

MITCHELL

Wednesday also at 4.00
A Thief from a Thief is Innocent
ZEEV BEVAH
JACK OCHEN
7-9

ORGEL Tel. 234176

4th week
MARATHON MAN
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
LAURENCE OLIVIER
4-8.45-9.15

ORION Tel. 222914

3rd week
ELLIOTT GOULD
DIANE KEATON
in a delightful comedy
I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW
For adults only

RON Tel. 224704

Sentimental Movie
LE VIEUX FUSIL
ROMY SCHNEIDER
PHILIPPE NOIRET

SEMEDAR

18th week
One of the most fantastic
films ever
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
7-9.15

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1977

סדרה מן האל

THE RECENT Labour Party convention was well-stuffed with what Peter de Vries has called "lettuce." One by one, the speakers intoned the ritual phrases: "Let us go forward together... Let us close ranks," etc.

This sort of high-flown, fly-blown rhetoric isn't the exclusive property of Labour windbags, however. If you've been reading the ad extolling the virtues of the various parties, you may have noticed that their actual programmes are rather sketchy and could easily be mastered in the time it takes the supermarkets to jack prices up.

Nor is overstuffing prose the prerogative of Israeli politicians. Russell Baker once attempted in his *Poor Russell's Almanac*, to translate from American Politisbible into English. Once or two of his spavined, knock-out examples will suffice:

"My fellow Americans" (Anyone switching to the channel showing the movie is unpatriotic); "Never has the threat to democratic government been graver" (the polls show I am likely to be beaten).

You may think that polline produces pomposity-verbosity simply because politicians are so often half-educated, uncultured and unread. But how do universities account for the sort of prose which crops up in the citations which accompany honorary degrees?

Some time ago, Colby College honoured Bette Davis with a doctorate: "Her histrionic versatility is such that as an actress in roles sometimes sophisticated or fiery, sometimes naive or demure, her technical achievement cannot be categorized."

I SUFFER a great deal from being buttonholed by the loquacious. Furthermore, I seem to spend half my time in anterooms while a glib secretary describes her leisure activities in great detail over the phone to a friend, who then repays her in kind. When I do

Gobbledygook

WITH PREJUDICE

Alex Berlyne

finally manage to get a word in, it usually turns out that the boss has stepped out to buy a kilo of bananas.

Paradoxically, Hebrew has always tended to an admirable brevity — by 1708 Johann Buxtorf had already published his *Adversaria Hebraica* — and sabra slang illustrates the tendency perfectly: *Dash* they cry, meaning *Dirshat* (*shalom*), when they wish you to give regards; *Lehit* (*raai*) when they bid you goodbye.

Even their impudence is truncated in this way: *Zabosh — Z (u) bal (ayu) sh (cikha)* — they'll tell you, "it's your problem"; or they'll describe someone as having a *Padas — pa (rius) d (oreah) sh (tra)*, "a face which invites a slap."

"REHOV Dizengoff" is usually cut down to "Dizengoff," or even to "Dizl," and this thrift of tongues sometimes gets sabras into trouble, especially when they venture abroad. They confuse their hosts in London by announcing "I'm going to Oxford this afternoon," meaning the street not the city. And I know of one *shallah* who arranged to meet a group "at Edgware." They, of course, went to Edgware station, while he waited miserably miles away in the Edgware Road.

This is in addition to the normal problems they run into on account of being unable to distinguish between "I" and "ee." A girl who lived in Weech Road, Hampstead, used to get into an Abbott and Costello situation every time she went to register as an alien. When

they asked where she lived she'd reply "Wech Road." "Yes, which road?" they'd repeat, patiently.

STILL THERE'S a lot to be said for succinctness. Ira Gershwin once wrote some wonderful couplets in *S Wonderful*: "Don't mind telling you, in my humble fash, / That you thrill me through / With a londer pash. / When you said you'd care, / 'Magine my Emosh; / I swore then and there, / Permanent deash."

He was followed by the eccentric Captain Harry Graham, who raised this form of versifying to new heights: "If playwrights would, but this dmin / The length of time each drama takes / The Second Mrs. Tanq by Pin / Or even Hamlet by Shakes! / We could maintain a watchful at / When at a Mat on Wed or Sat."

Some people are marvellously brief under extreme provocation. There was the convict who was asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. "Yes," he shouted, "As God is my judge I am innocent." "You're mistaken," said the judge, "He isn't. I am. You aren't. Six months."

OTHERS show what Hemingway once described as "grace under pressure." When Iben was on his deathbed, the playwright's wife thought she detected some improvement and said to the nurse, "See, the doctor will soon be quite well again." Old Henrik thereupon sat up in bed, thundered, "On the contrary!" and died.

The aptly-named William the Silent, the 16th century founder of Dutch independence who was assassinated at Delft, was even more economical. When asked by the priest if he trusted his soul to God, he merely replied with a

terse "Yes," and hounded in his chips, without any further ado.

WE'RE BOMBARDED with abbreviations like UNESCO, SALT, MIRV, and NATO, and the list is constantly growing. Why last month almost saw the birth of the PFLKH (the People's Front for the Liberation of Kiyat Haim) when that suburb was threatening secession from Haifa.

When we were kids, we managed with relatively few abbreviations. It was considered romantic to write SWALK (Sealed with a loving kiss) or ITALY (I trust and love you) on the back of love letters, while NEG was reserved for expressing disapproval. World War II really got things going, with AR, OCA and CICs. Even the titles of radio shows got into the act: ITMA (It's That Man Again), Tommy Handley's wonderful series, also boasted an abbreviated catchphrase, TTFN (tata for now).

Things have got so far out of hand lately that specialist dictionaries of abbreviations and acronyms have had to be published. I've been looking at one with over 10,000 entries covering only management, technology and information science.

It starts off rather demurely with AHM (Association of Hydraulic Equipment Manufacturers) but soon gets into its stride with ARS (American Redium Association) and ASSE (American Society of Sanitary Engineers). The British Refrigeration Association (BRA) is supported by a later entry for the University of Pittsburgh Linear File Tandem System (UPLIFT).

A rather childish element creeps in occasionally. I'm not referring to CACA (The Canadian Agricultural Chemical Association) but to SPOCK (Simulated Procedure for Obtaining Common Knowledge) and SEUSS (South-East United States Survey).

The only possible comment is GULP (General Utility Language Processor).

Things tend to get personal with CEDRIC (Centre d'etudes de Documentation et de Recherches pour l'Industrie du Chauffage, du Conditionnement d'Air et des Branches Connexes) and the more proletarian-sounding SID (Society for International Development). SID might be suspected of undue interest in SIN (Synbolle Integration) and TART (Twist Accelerator Ring Transfer); but only a CUR (Commissie voor Uitvoering van Research) would believe such ROT (Reusable Orbital Transport).

ESTATE AGENTS' ads often perform miracles of compression — "3 recep, 5 dble rms, 2 WC's, secluded gdn." This only works because the abbreviated words are familiar.

Listening to Dr. Waldheim recently, it occurred to me that his pronouncements (and those of a number of home-grown politicians) could be dealt with in the same manner. By abbreviating the clichés, coarseness could be obtained and tons of newspaper (not ILS,000 a whack) could be saved.

"The Is'l gov't's refusal 2 agree 2 PLO attendance bes renews the Gen Conf is the most impet elemstaid in the way of a jst & istm M.E. peace."

THE LAST WORD on this vexed subject concerns ear licence plates.

In Dundee a number of candidates are standing for election to the rectory of the University. Mr. Philip Agce, the renegade CIA agent, and Mr. Clement Freud, old Sigi's grandson cook-cum-M.P., have been challenged by Miss Fiona Richmond, the sister of a new porn film, *Hard Core*. Her opponents claim that if appointed, she would deserve the title "Erector of Dundee University," but I doubt that Miss Richmond is impressed by their rude remarks.

After all, she drives around London in a car which sports the number plate FU2. □

THE OTHER DAY I suddenly woke up to the fact that this place is getting full of Swedish nymphs. Upon the cinema posters, I mean, in the movies.

Our cinemas have discovered sex in their old age, and instead of romance and fancy they've started offering us the naked truth. It's got so that you can't cross a street any more without being hit in the eye by little blonde sex monkeys playing footsie with two gorillas or something.

We happened to mention as much to Felix Selg from next door and he said yes, wasn't it awful, every morning on his way to work he had to face this enormous ... you know ... this lousy of a naked wench, splashed all over the front of our neighbourhood cinema, as large as life and twice as natural. I said tak, tak, really, and decided to go and see for myself.

I crossed in front of the lousy a few times, and even went over to look at the stills: more lousies and some breastwork. I thought of the devastating influence all this must have on our youth, and decided to see the movie. Maybe it was the fearful tension of the Great Labour Contest snapping at last, maybe it was all these strikes getting me down. Be that as it may, I felt an irresistible urge to see the Swedish nymphs in the flesh, hip and thigh.

So I decided to go in.

And then a new problem cropped up: how does a respectable *paterfamilias* go in to see a porno movie?

I did once before, but that was in New York, far from the bosom of my family. I had some free time on my hands, and those neon lights were winking hard at me, so I slipped in to see this true-blue movie.

I'll never forget it as long as I live. When I came in, the screen

"NOW WE MOVE on to the thoroughbred," said the visitor, who was presiding. He did not exactly come from outer space, though for a number of reasons we might have been on another planet and not merely 10 floors up, above Rehov Ibn Gabirol in Tel Aviv.

"This separates the men from the boys," said the visitor, a phrase he used several times during the ceremonial proceedings. "You will find it on page 10 of your catalogue." Let's see: page 10, and we were by now on number nines, so this must be Cabernet Sauvignon 1974 W.O. "Neatly rounded off" and "not too heavy-bodied," read one add.

But I am getting ahead of myself. Through some mixup of lists, I had been invited to a "Tasting of Rare Cape Wines" at the South African Embassy, where various local wine people were maintaining a terrific — for us — level of urbane and subdued graciousness. I would have done much more brilliantly at an orange-juice testing: "A roguish little juice with pretensions of robustness, yet misleadingly light-bodied, and spit out the pipe." Certainly I could never hope to approach the wine-enjoyment skills of Ambassador Charles B.H. Fincham, a model of diplomatic charm and most assuredly no mere beer drinker.

The visitor was Mr. Jurgen Burmeister, Wine Marketing Manager of the Stellenbosch Farmers' Wineries near Cape Town, and he had stopped off in Israel on his way home from a European tour and similar

Barely speaking

Ephraim Kishon

was filled with a close-up of a whatsit, belonging to a lousie floozy who was making her private affairs very public indeed. So there it was, in full colour, six feet in diameter, and with a freelance gynaecologist explaining the works.

My instincts functioned. I shut my cyes tight, rose and fumbled blindly to the exit — too late, though. Under the impact of all that erotica I lost my virility for a week. To this day I mustn't think of New York or tunnels at critical moments.

I decided there and then never to see another pornographic movie.

AND NOW THIS. The first difficulty was — how do I buy a ticket? The cinema-owner, it's true, was showing some consideration for the Israeli father, and was running his first show in the early morning, when sons are at school. So far so good. But I thought I'd better wait some 20 minutes all the same and sneak in under cover of darkness. Not that I was ashamed, mind you. But still, I preferred not to be caught in *flagrante*. Because I was ashamed, too.

Everything went like clockwork. The first hurdle was the girl at the ticket window. Afraid she'd recognize me from TV, I changed my usual appearance by looking pleasant and cheerful, and dropped my alitches. Then I found myself a good seat in the dark, and began watching with interest as this big black fellow slapped the face of

some glamour girl hanging upside down on the wall. Then it suddenly said "Shortly on Our Screen," and the house-lights came on.

The wretched, double-dealing snook! Here I had put my trust in this cinema-owner, and he had betrayed me. And for what? To sell a few miserable chocolate-bars in the interval? It's lousy management like that that's made our economy what it is.

I HUNCH my shoulders and squint worriedly about me. The audience is strictly male, and just about entirely middle-aged and up, though here and there...

Omigod, Gloria!

The best friend of my 14-year-old, Amir. There he sits, right across the aisle from me. Playing hookey to see a porno flick that's For Adults Only. My son's friend, Gloria. I'll talk to the principal, that's what I'll do. I mean no, I won't. How do I get out of here?

I took off my specs and cover my face with an abandoned sports-page. How long is this bloody interval going to last? I can just picture Amir greeting me at home with that silly grin on his face:

"Daddy, what's that I heasar?"

I'll have some explaining to do to the little woman as well. I resolve to get up as soon as the dark again and clear out of this joint fast.

H'm, easier said than done. I mean, this movie isn't so bad, it's not bad at all. At least the opening scenes are full of promise. There's this average Swedish family, going about its daily affairs: the daughter of the house is in bed with a pimp, while her mother is up to no good with the char on the landing. Next shot: the pimp le

only one asthma patient left between me and the aisle. I whisper my last excuse-me, and ... it's Felix!

I scurry back to shelter, and drop into my seat. Felix hasn't noticed me. He's busy. It looks like all the males of our nice residential neighbourhood are here. Nice residential Sodom and Gomorrah's more like it. I hardly dare lift my head. I also feel my virility going again. This time it'll be a month.

Meanwhile the hussy has gone over to some very sophisticated stuff with all the members of her family, plus pimp, plus char. Then up pops Gloria, not Glorio; this neophobe — and they all tumble into bed and get themselves up into a sort of inverted pyramid, ten bottoms high, and there's no more telling what belongs to whom. It's getting a bit monotonous. I haven't come here to get flesh-poisoning, have I?

I GO DOWN on my hands and knees, as if I've lost something, crawl past Felix, throw dust in Gloria's eyes, and burst out of there with a sob of relief.

Enough. I'll never see another porno flick. Not me. No, and that's final. Maybe I'll just come back to see the end of this movie, and then — never again. I come home about noon, dead beat. Amir meets me on the doorstep, grinning.

"Daddy," he says, "whnts thot I heasar?"

"Well whaat, stupid?" I yell.

"Well what? The editor asked me to do a piece on the spread of pornographic films, so I went and saw a pornographic film. Big deal! You can read all about it in Friday's paper. And meanwhile you can wipe that sneer off your face."

Whimperanaper! □

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Mo'ariv"

The two rings

A VIEW FROM NOB

Moshe Kohn

even eald that in the Messianic Time, all the *mo'adim* ("set-times" in the calendar) will be abolished except Yom Kippur and Purim, and all the books of the Bible will be set aside except the Torah and Esther.

They did so on the basis of typical Talmudic hermeneutics, basing themselves on certain Biblical passages. But there seems to be a deeper, let us say socio-psychological, reason, one indolent in the Book of Esther itself, and hinted at also by the Sages.

For one thing, the Sages realized that the Purim story is a paradigmatic one of the Jews' lot in Exile — in fact, of the Jewish People's lot among the nations, whether in Exile or in a sovereign state.

In Esther 3:8-13 we read:

"Then Haman said to King Ahasuerus: 'There is a certain unassimilated people, scattered among the many peoples in all the provinces of your realm, who keep themselves apart, whose laws are different from the laws of every other people, and who do not keep

your majesty's laws. It does not befit your majesty to tolerate them. If it please your majesty, let an order be issued in writing for their destruction...' Thus letters were sent by courier to all the king's provinces with orders to destroy, slay and exterminate all Jews, young and old, women and men, in one day..."

What the Talmudic Sages knew 20 centuries ago, a few generations after the Purim events, we today know many times more acutely, from our numerous similar experiences. Hence, today, in fact, we know that this plight of the Jews as a people "apart" has also been the plight of other "different" peoples: the Huguenots in Catholic France, the Armenians in Moslem Turkey, the Christians and Pagans in present-day Moslem Sudan and Uganda, and so on. The Jews, because, it has happened to them on a global scale almost since the beginning of world history, are the universal symbol of it.

Now something special happened in the Purim story. Not a miracle in the conventional sense, like the miracles connected with the Passover and Hanukkah stories. At Purim, we have the clever and timely politicking of Mordechai, the Jew at the royal

court, in cooperation with his cousin Esther, whom he had planted in the royal harem where she soon became the king's favourite. But the actions of Mordechai and Esther would not have sufficed if the Jewish masses had not followed their lead, cloaked ranks, reaffirmed the Jewish national purpose, and stood up to those bent on destroying them.

Then we read in Esther 9:27 that "because of all they had seen and experienced in this affair, the Jews resolved and undertook..." Here is what the Sages tell us about this passage:

At Mount Sinai, our ancestors accepted the Torah only after God had held the mountain over them and said: "If you accept the Torah, well and good; if you don't, I will now bury you under this mountain." Under the impact of the Purim events, on the other hand, after acting to deliver themselves from Haman's genocidal schemes, our Book of Esther ancestors of resolved what our Mount Sinai ancestors had undertaken only under God's threat of genocide.

Furthermore, Mordechai and Esther, with the Sages' sanction, officially decreed the Purim holiday only after the Jewish masses were already spontaneously celebrating it (Yarushealmi Megilla 1:7; Midrash Mishle 9:2; Malmonides, Hilchot Megilla 2:18; Shabbat 88a; Shvuot 39a; Megilla 7a).

For all that, we are told, Ahasuerus, removing his signet

ring and handing it to Haman (Esther 3:10) was a more significant act than the appeals of the 48 Prophets and Seven Prophetesses who addressed the Jews. All the latter did not succeed in persuading the Jews to repent, whereas the removal of the ring caused them to mend their ways (Megilla 14a; Midrash Echo Rebbe 4:22).

In this respect, too, Jewish history seems to repeat itself all too frequently. German Jewry, for example, was assimilating beautifully. Then Hindenburg "removed the ring" and handed it to Adolf Hitler, and German Jewry's motto became: "The yellow badge — wear it with pride!"

More recently, Jews everywhere were succeeding in dissociating themselves from their peoplehood in general and from Israel in particular. Then the United Nations "removed the ring" and handed it to Yasser Arafat, and for a few weeks the motto of world Jewry was: "I am a Zionist!"

So we have every reason to go on celebrating and learning the lesson of Purim. But perhaps we ought to do so bearing in mind not only Ahasuerus' ring, but also King Solomon's. According to legend, Solomon wore a ring bearing the inscription: "Gam seh Ya'avor" — "This, too, shall pass" — to remind him of humility when things were going well and of hope when things were going badly. □

ceremonies the week before in London, Brussels, and Frankfurt. All this in anticipation of the annual International "Auction of Rare Cape Wines" to be held by Messrs. Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co. later this month in South Africa.

PLATES of cheese cubes and moloz, said to be excellent for clearing the nasal sensory machinery between laps — we were placed at intervals along rows and rows and rows of gleaming empty glasses.

"After each round, pour the wine you do not finish into the buckets under the table," said Mr. Burmeister. His suggestion, noted with satisfaction, was 2.3.

I sat out the fourth round, but Number Five was a Cabernet Sauvignon, "exquisite on the nose," and brought to mind a friend's response when I'd told him I was off to a South African wine tasting. "They're all white, I suppose," he said. Not so, you see. And here at the Cabernet, leaving through the handsome brochures we were given, I realized another reason for the beautifully unreal other-planet nature of the exercise, in addition to the unusual low-keyed good manners of all present.

It was this simple little thing: among all the (full-colour) photographs of gruffed grape harvesters, magnificent baronial farm homes, and illustrations for "swirling to release bouquet," there was not one black face. All the bounty, in other words, without the aid of a single black

Another planet

Helga Dudman

customs and other taxes, but before retail markup, at around £600. The highest average bid last year was for Norderberg Selected Cabernet 1966, which went for £85 a case.

On to Number Two, the Overgaauw Estate Sylvaner 1976 W.O., "a fascinating wine that stirs the imagination." Number Three had a "singularly soft... lingering character," and Mr. Burmeister suggested that we have a look at the SO values. "Incredibly low." The pH factor, I noted with satisfaction, was 2.3.

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hand. From the brochures, you'd think you were in sun-kissed Sweden.

But back to the pleasantly unreal 10th-floor planet. Number Six, a deep red, was a Norderberg Shiraz 1974 W.O.S., "noble, shy, yielding." "Quite a jump from the Pinotage," said the Ambassador, in a suave aside. Already well ahead of my wine allotment for the fiscal year, I ventured to ask the Ambassador whether many South Africans were quite so knowledgeable about wines as I had thought they were. Beer drinkers and distinguished by enthusiasm rather than fussiness.

South Africans are catholic in their drinking tastes, he said, and added that they drink Israeli wines too. (We exported \$41,000 worth of wine to South Africa in 1974, and \$30,000 in 1975. No roaring business is expected as a result of this promotion here, but the Shalom Stores are planning a South African Fortnight in May, and some of these wines will be available. South Africa exports wines to France as well.)

I sat out Number Seven, again a Shiraz and a year older than the above. As Mr. Burmeister put it, the difference in ageing was readily detectable.

By Number Twelve (page five) we were once again separating the men from the boys, in Mr. Burmeister's phrase, with a Cabernet Sauvignon 1973 W.O. (Probably as good a way as any, for every woman knows that this is a well-nigh impossible project.) Is a well-nigh impossible project.) Or separating them from the pups: "I'm glad my little dog isn't here," said the Ambassador. "At

Christmas we had honroy chocolate balls, and my spongel got roaring drunk." He swirled his glass. "And have you ever seen a herd of elephants drunk on fermenting berries? Mothers, fathers, babies?"

ONE OF THE MOST elegant swirlers and sniffers in the group. I thought, was a pleasant-looking man with blond hair who turned out to be Harry ("Cherry") Orchard, of the Ashkelon Wineries. Since we were by now up to Number Fifteen, I decided to leave the rest to the experts; besides, I was walking home.

Mr. Orchard has beautiful tasting techniques. He asked for a clean glass for Number Seventeen, a vintage Cabernet Sauvignon. "For '66, one must have a clean glass," he said. And when we got to the sweet category, he told me that his firm has one very much like Number Something-or-other, made of Hebron grapes.

The final sip drew near. I asked somebody for an opinion on the recent French wine scandal (concerning bottles of an ignoble red which were labelled with undeserved grandeur), and nobody seemed to know the difference. "It's all bluff," was the answer.

But to end on a nice note: at the 1972 World Wine Exhibition in Budapest, where over a thousand fine European wines competed, the French wines were awarded only one Grand Gold Medal. South African wines took no less than five Grand Gold Medals. Anybody who feels so inclined can see this as a victory for Israel's side. □

סוכה מן האכל

TALES OF THE BLACK WIDOWS by Isaac Asimov (London, Panther, IL13.90). Asimov, master science writer, turns mystery writer in this collection of 12 stories featuring six club members who dine monthly to solve mysteries by hashing them out verbally, discreetly aided by Joeves-like waiter. Intelligent conversation, spiced with sarcasm, makes good reading with the usual Asimov nuggets of knowledge scattered throughout. One of best stories depicts biblical reference to Jozabel and Rahab which holds the key to impending murder. Light, entertaining.

SEAL WOMAN by Ronald Lockley (Sydney, Methuen, IL18.95). Author Lockley, an English naturalist, indulges in fantasy of what it might be like to live like a seal, imagining a young man's encounter with strange girl who has been raised among seals on isolated strip of Ireland's west coast. She teaches him to use the sea as source of life, live off small creatures and plants, swim expertly with seals in unique confrontation with nature. Oddly enough, Irish blarney and folklore woven into this marine biology love story make it credible. Illustrated.

TAKE THREE TENSES by Rumer Godden (New York, Avon, IL20.50). Sentimental story of stately home in London lived in by four generations of a single family. Nostalgic mingling of past voices and present memories, vividly described.

WINGS by Barry Thomas (London, Pan, IL11.90). Adventures of 18-year-old blacksmith-farmer who joins hastily-formed Flying Corps in 1915. Simple, pleasing account of aviation's first days of prop planes, hand signals, leather helmets strapped on "to atop teeth chattering from fear." More sitting ducks than eagles, these pioneers set the tone and elan for the future R.A.F. Book is based on BBC television series.

SECOND ENDING by Evan Hunter (New York, Avon, IL28.90). In 1940, drugs, war, pop music involved youth as they did a generation later, but this rather sad novel is a reminder that values and sentiments now long since tossed overboard, weighed frustratingly on consciences then. Agonies of a college generation highlighted by four close friends, one a musician drug addict they

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS



Cover art from "Take Three Tenses" by Rumer Godden

Here is a selection of bestselling paperback now available in local bookshops. Prices include VAT.

Jennie Tarabulus

try to redress, mostly nostalgic with period slang and old song hits throughout.

A GIRL LIKE ME by Sandra Harmon (New York, Bantam, IL23.90). Humorous women's lib story of Brooklyn Jewish girl who longs to catch a man, remodels nose, loses weight then finds transfiguration from "second-rate klutz" to noble nymph spins her into kaleidoscope of sex experiences but no lasting liaison. Liberating herself by becoming self-supporting TV writer, she covers successful married men

loathe successful single women who don't need them. Synthetic, but entertaining indictment of men, written by successful TV writer.

HARRY'S GAME by Gerald Seymour (London, Fontana, IL10.95). Belfast terrorist group infiltrated by English undercover agent tracking down murderer of cabinet minister. Futility of violence is personalized through the two antagonists, both family men, caught in political conflict. Belfast, with its twisting streets and alleys is revealed as an "adventure playground par excellence for the urban terrorist." Chilly, engrossing thriller of the Irish tragedy.

NEW WRITING FROM ISRAEL edited by Jacob Sonntag (London,

Corgi, IL21.90). Cross-section of contemporary Israeli writing includes 33 stories, poems, parts of novels translated from Hebrew, two from Arabic. Unfortunately not all prose English versions are good, poetry coming off better. "A Hollow Stone" by Amos Oz is an exception, while one of best poems is David Avidan's "Anticor Gas" translated by himself. Scholarly essay by Prof. Shimon Sandbank reviewing problems and challenges of writing in modern secular Hebrew may explain difficulties in achieving good English translations.

HELL IS TOO CROWDED by Jack Higgins (Connecticut, Fawcett, IL20.50). Volatile American engineer arriving in London after working in Kuwait discovers his fiancée has fled with all his savings — and new boy friend. By chance he is plunged into weird net of violence, thus using up all the adrenalin-powered energy to outrace, outwit his unknown pursuers. Final triumph includes new love. Innocent adventure of evil that even Grandma can enjoy.

THE ARGONAUTS by Yvonne Schoell (New York, Bantam, IL25.90). Restless 1840 pioneers travelling by covered wagon, by ship around Cape Horn and by overland Panama route, meet in this historical novel teeming with action, romance, business ventures exotically flavoured by immigrant Chinese who join the heroes. Author, English instructor though heavily influenced by Grade B westerns, gives authentic historical background for her action-packed story.

OSARDAS by Diana Pearson (London, Gorgi, IL21.90). Long melodramatic novel involving half-Jewish family, landowners in Hungary, living through two world wars and Russian occupation. Christian and Jewish members equally torn by revolutionary changes in old aristocratic society which end with ex-peasant marrying ex-land heiress. Easy to read in spite of grim war scenes.

THE ASSASSINS by Joyce Carol Oates (Connecticut, Fawcett, IL29.90). A senator, son of wealthy family, is assassinated leaving two brothers and a widow whose own tragic endings are unfolded in their three separate stories revolving about their relations to the dead man and

each other. Notional Book Award winner Oates writes smoothly, hypnotically, mind and senses moving with her complex, self-destructive, lonely characters in this masterly analysis of power and politics. One of the best novels yet on the compulsions which drive men to seek power with often catastrophic results. Serious reading.

THE GUN by Henry S. Bloomgarden (New York, Bantam, IL20.50). Short history of the gun that killed President Kennedy — an Italian 8.5 calibre, fitted in Chicago with Japanese telescopic finder. The rifle, Italy's official weapon sold as post-war surplus stock to private U.S. dealers, is one example of the brisk international sale of firearms. Good review of laws on gun sales in U.S. so lax that a Lee Oswald could mail \$24.50 postal order under false name to Chicago sport shop advertising the gun and receive it anonymously at Dallas PO Box. Detailed documentary brief against free sale of arms to individuals.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES by Arthur Koestler (London, Picador, IL23.00). Originally published in hardcover, this new edition of Koestler essays written 1988-73 covers subjects from today's existential vacuum to the fabled Spassky-Fisher chess match. By 1980, Koestler predicts rule of mediocrity, with common sense and inertia keynotes of a successful mediocrity. Concluding essay on Gandhi again highlights Koestler's almost pathological condemnation of the Mahatma's legacy to India — that chastity and the spinning wheel are his salvation. Koestler's 26 essays (with bibliographies) invigorate and often provoke.

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY by Heinrich Böll (London, Penguin, IL21.90). New pocket edition of Nobel Prize winner Böll's funny, scathing satire on Nazism and aspects of post-war Germany. Ordinary, unheroic civilians struggle with wartime and post-war red tape. Told in Chaplinesque style, the gallery of young and old characters, including highly appealing narrator interviewing them all, come quickly to life. Excellent translation into modern American idiom by Lelle Venewitz, Böll's official English translator, makes Böll's parody of long-winded German sentences a light, heady reading experience. □

Boring Bacon

GOLDEN LADS by Daphne du Maurier. Avon Books, New York. 277 pp. \$1.95.

A STAR-STUDDED list of poets, playwrights, essayists, kings, and statesmen, and a sprinkling of spies, crowd the pages of this novel based on the voluminous correspondence of Anthony Bacon (Sir Francis's brother). One struggle to decipher Anthony's letters, which are written in Elizabethan English, and du Maurier complicates matters by adding epigrams, correspondence and conversations in French. One is also given a comprehensive list of sources, a bibliography, and a superb index (which does help us sort out the complicated family trees).

These academic trappings provide an air of scholarship but also turn a story rich in possibilities into something pretentious, pedantic and boring. Had du Maurier left the library long enough to indulge in some flights of fancy, her story of Anthony Bacon — who served

England as a master-spy — could have become a provocative, exciting novel.

Bacon spent 12 years in voluntary exile in France, gathering intelligence through his contacts with monarchs, statesmen, seoundrels and rogues. His friendship with Henri de Navarre saved him from a nasty charge of sodomy, which carried with it an even nastier death sentence.

Bacon returned to England somewhat chastened and shaken by the incident. He continued his intelligence-gathering activities, though often confined to bed with gout, rheumatism and the stone; his health and purse grew poorer, since he owed Queen Bess several hundred pounds for his intelligence out of their own pockets. (And who would dare challenge a monarch's logic?)

Bacon's devotion to his friend and mentor, the Earl of Essex, is left open to speculation, and many of his other relationships remain shadowy. Even Elizabeth, fawned upon by ambitious courtiers, remains a waxy enigma. The reader feels left out in the onychambers of history. One senses the glory and the gore beneath the glittering surface, but it takes too much effort to dig through all that prose. □

Lynn Sharon

Sherlock and Oscar

THE WEST END HORROR, by Nicholas Meyer. New York, E.P. Dutton & Co. 176 pp. \$5.95.

ON A WINTRY, London day in 1895, Dr. Watson, gazing out of the window of 221b Baker Street, informs Sherlock Holmes that a youngish, red-bearded figure clad in Norfolk jacket and knickers, is hurrying to their door.

G.B. Shaw, humptious impoverished drama critic of *The Saturday Review*, has come to ask Holmes to solve the murder of a rival critic. From that moment on, until Holmes wraps up the case, the reader is carried on a merry-go-round of theatrical history in this well-documented literary spoof, the second Meyer has written using Holmes and Watson as foils for shenanigans set against the background of 1896.

In *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Holmes confronted Sigmund Freud. Now he spins a web around the busy West End, where Gilbert and Sullivan, D'Oyly Carte, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Frank Harris, Shaw and Oscar Wilde are all busy at work, scandalizing and spell-binding late Victorian London, but graciously cooperating with Sherlock Holmes, whom they admire.

Clues lead to the Lyceum and Savoy theatres, interrupting rehearsals and backstage intrigues, to Piccadilly haunts and on to the Avondale where Oscar Wilde, lionizing on the eve of his notorious libel suit against Queensberry pauses to agonize Holmes's question in a memorable scene.

The plot, a deliberately exaggerated, morallistic melodrama, barely misses parody and will irritate Holmes purists. But the real-life personages themselves, headed by Shaw, make the revival of London's 1895 season glow, illuminating a particular moment in theatrical history when Wilde's career began to dim and Shaw's star to rise. The book is tactfully, almost respectfully, credited to Dr. Watson who narrates all in his best Victorian manner. A nice literary trick and treat. □

Jennie Tarabulus

Sweet poppets

CHRISTMAS PUDDING and PIGEON PIE by Nancy Mitford. New York, Popular Library. 238 + 207 pp. \$1.95

"SQUIBBY dear," said the duchess waving an empty glass at Bobby as she spoke. "Just tell me something. Have you seen Rosemary and Laetitia lately? Are they all right, the sweet poppets?" Did our Betters really talk and behave like this during the period between the two world wars, or indeed at any time? Perhaps the answer does not matter much; in Nancy Mitford they do.

Both these stories are as substantial as thistledown; indeed, the first is positively rapid. Philadelphia Bobbin, a "awcet, sheltered, dreadfully bored young heiress" (to quote the blurb), has to choose between Paul

Fotheringay, the exciting-romantic literary aspirant, and Michael Lewes, the correct, eminently eligible, dull-as-ditchwater diplomat.

Her choice is made easier by the revolting sight of Paul in a drunken stupor on the morning after a party. The plot, painfully thin, is tedious and unimaginative worked out; most of the characters contrive to be simultaneously grotesque and featureless.

The second story, *Pigeon Pie*, is much more successful. First published in May 1940, it is a fitting reminder of the unreal atmosphere which prevailed in England during the phoney war. Sophia Garfield, doing her stint of voluntary war-work at a first-aid post somewhere in the West End of London, finds herself involved in a German plot to overrun Britain by an almost bloodless coup.

Just how it is to work, and how Sophia foils it, is quite amusingly told. Not an epoch-making work of fiction, but recommended for the elderly, not-too-critical convalescent. □

Eric J. Frank

English Columbo

DANGEROUS DAVIES, the last detective, by Leslie Thomas. London, Eyre Methuen. 248 pages. £3.25.

"DANGEROUS" DAVIES has all the attributes of a loser — he is therefore perfectly suited to be the hero of a modern detective novel. Shambling, ineffectual, missions either too dangerous or too silly to give to anyone else.

An unsolved 25-year-old crime — the disappearance of a young girl — captures his imagination, and this English "Columbo" quietly and doggedly sets out to solve the mystery. And

solve it he does, in his own bumbling way, with a denouement reminiscent of Agatha Christie in her better moments.

The plot is quite intelligent, the characters credible and affectionately drawn. The author has a good ear for London working-class dialogue and an understanding of the types he describes.

Some things jar, though. Why does Davies put up with the terrible treatment handed out to him by his landlady? By his fellow lodgers? By his colleagues at police headquarters?

Then there is the curious case of his dog, Kitty. Her awfulness is frequently referred to, but since she never emerges from his back seat of the Lagonda, she is hard to believe in, and appears to be nothing more than an artificial prop—quite extraneous.

But these quibbles apart, this is really a decently-written and suspenseful detective story, by the author of *The Virgin Soldiers*, *Tropic of Rust*, and numerous other novels. □

Fay Lipschitz

Package deal

THE NAKED RUNNER, THE TREMBLING EARTH, TIME IS AN AMBUSH by Francis Clifford. Coronet Books. 536 pp. 80 p.

THE PUBLISHERS, evidently despairing of selling these three works separately, have packed them into one fat paperback. As it happens, the changes in type-face and paper are only slightly less disconcerting than the abrupt changes in style.

The *Naked Runner* is a thriller with the type of triple cross that Len Deighton and John Le Carré handle so well. But before I got to the end of it I didn't care who was doing what to whom.

The second novel is a rather syrupy romance set in Spain, and the third also fails to generate excitement. The whole thing is as stimulating as tinned gaspacho. □

H. S.

RAUSCHENBERG IN ISRAEL. An unnumbered picture album published by the Israel Museum. No price stated.

MALEVICH by Donald Karshan. 192 pp., 100 illustrations. A print catalogue raisonné of the graphic work, 1913-1930. The Israel Museum. No price stated.

ANNO TICHIO: SKETCHES 1918-1976. Edited by Yona Fischer. 5 colour plates, 55 in black and white. The Israel Museum. Limited edition with original engraving IL900; otherwise IL225.

Meir Ronnen

LATE LAST year the Israel Museum launched the first three of a new series of publications of contemporary art. If it were not for the outstanding scholarship of Donald Karshan's *Malevich*, the beginning could hardly be termed an auspicious one. The Museum

Best and worst

obviously lacks the staff to deal with publications on a full-time basis.

Rauschenberg in Israel supposedly documents how the artist and his crew put together (from local materials) his exhibition at the Museum in June 1974. The only written matter provided are extracts from Curator Yona Fischer's diary, containing such nuggets as to where they ate lunch and dinner. There are no captions to the photographs, which are mostly devoted to sightseeing snaps (I dare say "documenting" the search for materials) and various socialites, gallery-owners and politicians, in the course of coming and going and holding paper cups.

The purchaser is left to guess who they are and what they are doing there and, more important,

what the show was all about (some of the exhibits are shown at the end of the book). The whole effort seems to be no more than a souvenir album for those who participated in the operation; and it has not benefited from being designed by the master himself. As a book about Rauschenberg, it is a waste of money.

DONALD KASHAN, an American historian and curator now living in France, has produced such an expert catalogue raisonné of the Malevich graphics (from his own collection, which was shown at the Israel Museum in 1976) that it almost willy nilly becomes one of the best available books on the father of Suprematism (who was one of the first minimalist abstractionists).

Karshan sketches his

background and that of his paintings, providing copious notes, before going into the hitherto rather unknown and unevaluated graphics work. The beautifully reproduced illustrations are all carefully and fully annotated. This book is a must for students and anyone interested in the origins of abstract art.

Karshan recounts, among other things, how Chagall, Director of the Art School at Vitebsk in 1918, invited Malevich to join the faculty, without realizing that he was clutching something of a viper to his breast: within a few months Malevich organized a coup d'état and Chagall resigned, an act which possibly helped him conceal his decision to leave for the West.

THE ANNO TICHIO sketches span no less than 55 years and are also extremely well reproduced. Yona Fischer has organized them into groups by period or subject, for they are a very mixed bag and

mostly undated. In his brief introduction, Fischer points out that this device is merely that of an inventory and that the sketches were often, of course, raw material for major works. But there are no notes to the plates and, inexplicably, there isn't even any elementary biographical information. Again, the uninitiated reader is left to guess who Anna Tichio is and what her major achievements are all about. We wouldn't know from this that she is still active and working.

The English of the Museum's publications is often a near-miss and the translation of Fischer's text into English is wooden. The jacket of *Malevich* describes Karshan as "a foremost" expert. I'd also like to protest the Museum's affectation of printing the author's name in their smaller catalogues without capital letters, a device that makes for illegibility and which can occasionally lead the reader into error. □

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Meir Kopper

PAGE SIXTEEN



*Bionka Eshel-Gershuni: ring made of gold, asphalt, plastic, tile and feathers. A
left: earring of gold, red, coral, plastic toy and feathers, both 1976.*
(Israel Museum)

*Edna Hirsch: drowing (Debsl
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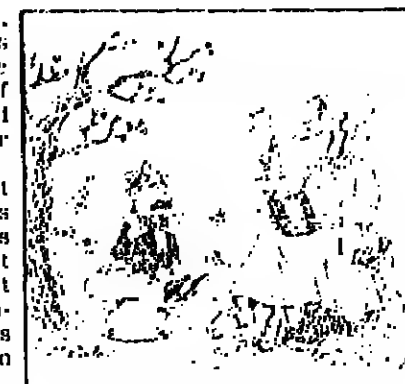
YAAKOV GILDOR continues to paint his sombre, grief-laden episodes in a tight surrealist style that is boringly repetitious and historically eclectic. Techniques run from foggy splatter to finely applied brush strokes, yet they form the same tired pictures we have been looking at for years by artists who appear to be queuing up to show their goods. (Rene Darom, Gordon St., Tel Aviv.)

RUTH DAYAN, managing director of Maekit, told the press that once she had seen little girls of four and five years old in Iran working long hours at carpet making, she decided she would never again put real Persian carpets on her floors. Meanwhile the Shah of Iran has enacted laws against child labour, and as a



Sabah at her loom for Maskit.

Mr. Zaldman points out that new immigrants benefit from exemptions which amount to nearly 30 per cent of the purchase price and that tourists who have carried their property abroad also get a discount. □ *Martha Met*



Naturally, there is nothing better than small, new potatoes which have been peeled and roasted for about a half hour in fat which has dripped down from the goose — if your diet allows. And the simplest addition to help neutralize the grease, is apple sauce. □

Ephraim Harris

A continuation of this style leads

Gonen's spatial "Painting 3"; Kodish's "Emek"; and Kasteln's "Safad." Chernikova's "Street" trails somewhat behind. Abstraction, too, has its devotees: first place to Barnheimer's linear "Composition 2," worked out in meticulous detail. In Shoshani's realistic "Children" line is not integral, only an illustrative adjunct to colour, like Belkin-Porat's colour arrangement, "Composition 2," which is dependent on circular undertones; and B. Groesbard's equally colouristic blue and green "Composition 2." Among other realistic works are Baum's dark "Desert," whose medium, elsewhere, would be hard to deny; Sela's figurative "The Couple"; and Platau's "Tense Days" in moulded form. Flower Studios include Stelgman's "Still Life" and Lam's excellent "Narcissus." (Beth Charall, Edita, 77).

GIL GOLDFIN

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PHILIPS FOR LASTING VALUE

טלפון 05



Gitta Munte (Billie) and Ilan Toren (Harry) playing a game of gin rummy in 'Born Yesterday'.

Comedy turned farce

GARSON KANIN'S "Born Yesterday" was one of Broadway's big hits in the '40s and a great success here at the Cameri in 1949. Revived now at the Haifa Theatre, it shows signs of age. Director Nola Chilton's gallant efforts to pour some new life into the aged comedy by turning it into a farce result in some amusing moments — like the grand entrance of Harry Brock, Billie Dawn and their various *nachschleppers* (hangers-on) at the beginning — but cannot conceal the obvious contrivances of the plot, the simplistic solutions.

The pat simplicities of the story are particularly painful seeing that this is a play with a message: the victory of the American democratic spirit over corruption in high places. The latter is represented by a cabal consisting of Harry Brock, a low-life who has made it big in the junk business, using every non-kosher means; Senator Norval Medges whom Harry pays to remove some legal obstacles to a spectacularly crooked deal; and Ed Devery, an alcoholic lawyer also in Harry's pay.

Sterling American idealism is represented by Paul Verrall, a crusading writer for *The New Republic*. And in the centre of the action is Billie Dawn, the quintessence of a dumb broad, whom Harry has plucked out of a chorus line, and to whom happiness means milk coats, diamonds and the rest of girl's best friends. All of which Harry supplies in abundance. ("And if he don't come across — I don't care across, if you know what I mean.")

Harry now being in the big leagues finds the dumb Billie a social handicap, and at Ed's advice hires a tutor for her — Paul Verrall, who happens to live in the same hotel, though I will never understand how a writer for *The New Republic* could afford even a

THE ATRE Mendel Kohansky

broom closet in a hotel in which the likes of Harry Brock stay.

THE RESULT of Paul's tutoring is not at all what Harry expected. The sleeping beauty awakens to the kles of the prince of the intellect, and before you can say Adlai Stevenson she starts speaking of democracy, quotes Alexander Pope, Tom Paine, Oliver Wendell Holmes (Harry: "Oliver Wendell Holmes? Is he, too, coming Friday night?") Billie: "No, he is dead." Harry: "Why do you bother with dead people?")

Billie gets to realize that Harry is a menace to society, helps Paul expose him by means of some conveniently discovered incriminating documents, and off the two lovers go into the sunset. In the original play, Ed, the idealist turned crook, bids them farewell with a drunken toast to "all the crazy broads, past, present and future — who thirst for knowledge — and search for truth — who fight for justice...." Evidently realizing that this is too, too much, director Nola Chilton, has added a new ending in which the entire crooked gang goes into a happy song and dance which indicates that emartened-up broads and idealistic journalists notwithstanding, the dirty business in Washington will go on.

IT DID GO on, as we very well know, and the story of the junk dealer buying a senator (Harry: "You know what a senator is to me? A guy who makes a hundred and fifty bucks a week"), seems awfully tame in these post-Watergate times. And just as we translate the situation into terms of our own scandals which was probably the Haifa

Theatre's intention in reviving the play.

Relevant or not, the show is quite amusing, mainly thanks to Gitta Munte, the girl who plays Billie. A versatile, resourceful actress whom I have admired and praised in numerous reviews, Gitta Munte reveals herself here as a first-rate comedienne. She can keep the audience in stitches just by walking across the stage with a significant wiggle — I was so amused by her that I can forgive the exaggerations — and she is expert at toasting off the clever lines which the author put in Billie's mouth.

Unfortunately, the rest of the cast falls well below her performance. Especially Ilan Toren, who lacks all credibility as Harry Brock, and comes through as a clown given to silly mugging rather than a brute who stepped on many faces to get where he is now.

Another disappointment is the pale, impersonal acting of Tuvia Tabbi as Paul. Still other lacklustre performances are delivered by Michael Kfir as the alcoholic lawyer and Gloria Shamai as the senator. Rina Rosenbaum, playing the senator's fat, silly wife, has some amusing moments.

Eytan Levy's set, meant to represent a vulgarly expensive hotel suite, is not amusing; and the diagonal plexiglass window panes reflect light in the wrong way and are an irritation to the eyes. Gila Lahat's costumes are also all wrong; Billie's finery shows that it was made in the Haifa Theatre's workshop and not bought from a luxury couturier in New York, and no Washington lawyer making \$100,000 a year (in 1945) would be seen in the fitting suit Ed Devery wears.

Rivka Meshulam's translation, on the other hand, is excellent. The sparkling dialogue is rendered with a great deal of linguistic invention. □

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BILL OF FARE

WHEN WE FIRST attempted to go to the Hong Kong restaurant in Tel Aviv, near the Dan Hotel, it was closed for the Chinese New Year.

This was an auspicious introduction for a Chinese restaurant and it strengthened our desire to go back. When we did return, we chose a table on the ample porch, although the interior also looked pleasant and inviting.

We both chose the IL50 table d'hôte menu, feeling that this would provide a representative sampling of what the house had to offer. The waitress, smiling and efficient, brought us a bottle of local beer and a soft drink.

We began our meal with wonton soup. The rich, tasty chicken broth was well up to standard, and the wonton — the Chinese version of kreplach — quite good.

Following this, we each were served a large egg-roll. This, unfortunately, did not contain oil we

had expected, but it was quite palatable. We ate it with a sweet and sour sauce provided on the table, and a hot sauce for which we asked.

THE NEXT DISH, according to the menu, should have been spare ribs. We never saw them. What we got instead was a melange of very dry bits of meat and some shrimp. The meat had a rather unusual taste, probably because it had been deep-fried in the same oil as the shrimp. These — all four of them — were rather nice.

The waitress indicated that the dish was to be eaten accompanied by the sweet and sour sauce.

Another condiment on the table was the usual Chinese assortment of meat and vegetables in a brown sauce. This, however, was not very different from the mixture

that came on the dish of fried noodles. The bowl of fried rice which we were each given was adequate.

For dessert, my companion ordered ice cream and I decided to try the mangoes, even though the waitress warned that they were lined. Imagine my surprise when she returned with fresh strawberries instead. I accepted them with pleasure, but I was mystified as to why a non-kosher restaurant should see fit to cover its fruit with pure cream.

The bill for two, including drinks, came to IL4.48. Not a tremendous amount these days, and we certainly had plenty to eat. If you are used to restaurants in the Chinatowns of Western capitals, the Hong Kong would probably be a disappointment. If, on the other hand, you're used to eating in Oshkosh or Nottingham, it might seem rather good.

H.L.S.

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Tomorrow, March 5.

Beer-Sheva.

THE MURDER OF PINKNEY

IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Mon., March 6; Mon., March 7.

Beer-Sheva.

THE RETURN

Mon., March 7; Mon., March 7.

Beer-Sheva.

Mon., March 11, Nahmani.

Tel Aviv.

הכרזה האחרונה